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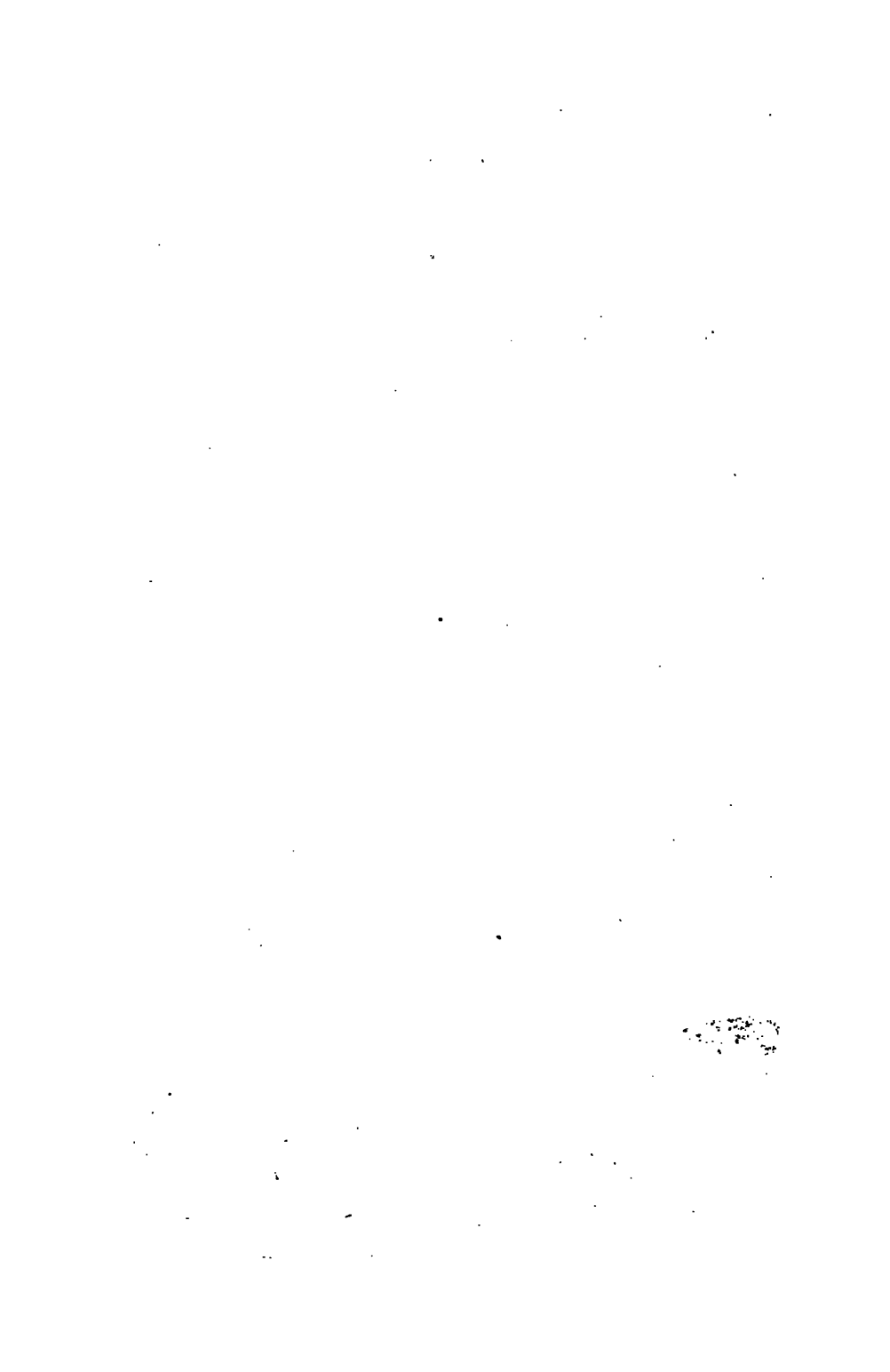
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A passage of the Sentimental Journey

"I remember the great and learned
Boswell in his commentary
upon the quotations from Horace
traced to a Comment of Scipio
(in Persius's Car. x & v) "Cum
Ingolstadt agerem, vidi e regione
musei mei passerem coctum
vicis repetentem, et inde a leo
ad linguam datum, ut a volatu
rivo in terram decideret. En
vultus migrans! Hoc passere
datum, negatum hominibus
Nuga. European Magazine

July 1814 p. 9.

Hastings also cites the
passage from Bayle,
in his notes to 'Ignorant
Puzzle's Latin Comedy
1787 p. 30

ILLUSTRATIONS

of

STERNE, &c.



ILLUSTRATIONS
of
STERNE:
with
OTHER ESSAYS AND VERSES.

BY
JOHN FERRIAR, M. D.

SECOND EDITION.

VOL. I.

Peace be with the soul of that charitable and courteous Author, who, for the common benefit of his fellow-authors, introduced the ingenious way of Miscellaneous Writing!

SHAFTESBURY.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED
LONDON:
Printed

FOR CADELL AND DAVIES;
BY
J. AND J. HADDOCK, HORSE-MARKET,
WARRINGTON.

1812.

MD



ROY WEN
JULIAN
WARRILL

TO
GEORGE PHILIPS, ESQ.
SEDGLEY,
NEAR
MANCHESTER.

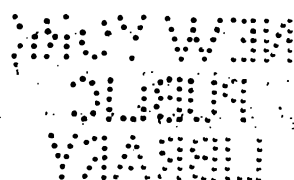
You must forgive me, my dear friend, for having gratified, without your participation, a wish which I have long entertained, to dedicate these volumes to you. This, indeed, is the only part of the work on which your judgment has not been consulted. Within the circle of our acquaintance, no account of the motives for this dedication will be demanded: to the public let me say, that it is a tribute due, on my part, to a long-tryed and perfect friendship, cemented by the love of letters, and destined, I trust, never to admit interruption or decay.

I am,

most truly and faithfully your's,

THE AUTHOR.

MOSLEY-STREET,
Jan. 10th, 1812



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PREFACE.

AMONG some advantages, there are considerable inconveniences experienced, by that small, but not unworthy class of authors, who write their own books.

If they enjoy some consciousness of meriting success, they feel more acutely, when their works are neglected, or misunderstood. By an exclusive attention to their peculiar objects, they sometimes lose sight of the current of public taste, and are astonished to find the fruits of their labour rejected with disdain, or viewed with indifference.

They enter, also, the awful courts of criticism under great disadvantages. The author who borrows the pen of a popular writer, finds himself admitted to the bench, is graciously received and power-

fully protected. Mean time, the friendless and solitary composer of his own productions stands trembling at the gate, or listens to his sentence of condemnation, from a judge who has scarcely deigned to examine his cause.

Even the mighty talents of BENTLEY sustained a temporary injustice, in the public estimation, from this cause, during the controversy respecting the Epistles of Phalaris. Yet in his time, the field of literary warfare was more openly contested, than at present. No periodical depredators, under the disguise of critics, then infested the highways of knowledge, to attack the peaceable traveller, and to exult in the dismay which their assault might occasion. But Prejudice, however vile, rules the destiny of genius, and her most unjust decrees have sometimes been reversed, only by late posterity.

It is another disadvantage of original composition, that when it succeeds in the first instance, it creates, somewhere, a strenuous opposition. The triumph of an

PREFACE

author, like that of a Roman conqueror, is celebrated by sarcasms and libels, as well as by applause and pomp. Nothing can be more just than Fontenelle's epigram on this subject.

Dans la lice ou tu vas courir
Songe un peu combien tu hazardes ;
Il faut avec courage également offrir,
Et ton front aux lauriers, et ton nez aux nazardes.

What must be the surprize of a writer, emerging from his peaceful cabinet to some degree of reputation, to find that he has created himself bitter enemies, among persons totally unknown to him, simply by obtaining the applause of others !

Even the voice of fame seldom reaches the ear of the solitary, original writer distinctly ; it is difficult for him to distinguish the silence of approbation from that of neglect. But the bustling, clamorous cabal sometimes pass off their interested noise for the acclamations of the public. What remains, then, for the author of his own book ? The pleasure

PREFACE.

of composition; the consciousness of some talent; and the liberty of reading and praising only the best writers.

Many curious anecdotes might be given, of literary manufacturers; for a book generally goes through as many hands as a pin, before publication. One of the most successful compositions of this kind was the *Turkish Spy*, which still retains a considerable degree of popularity. Dunton says, it was a compilation, conducted by *Nat. Crouch*, who was one of that voluminous, and opulent body of authors, the London booksellers. Of the same kind was the *Athenian Oracle*, projected and executed by Dunton himself, and some of his authors; but much indebted for its success, to his own fluency in writing bad prose, and execrable verse. These mingled compositions generally betray themselves, by the discordant nature of their materials. The small sprig of gold, which attracted the first notice of the observer, quickly

PREFACE.

xi

tapers off, and disappears in the chinks and crannies of barren rocks.

But no where is the original author more puzzled, than in writing his own preface. This is usually supplied, like the prologue to a play, by some obliging friend. Nor is it discreditable to acknowledge this difficulty, since even Cervantes owns, that he had more trouble in composing his preface, than his immortal work itself.* Yet a preface is still required, (like the obeisance of the last century, on entering a room,) however familiar may be the subject, or however gay the work.

Behold, then, worthy reader, a preface to this small book. Had it been composed by some other hand than mine, it might have possessed superior claims to attention; but I could then have

* Porquè te sé decir, que aunque me costó algun trabajo componerla, ninguno tuve por mayor que hacer esta prefacion que vas leyendo. Muchas veces tomé la pluma para escribilla, y muchas la dexé por no saber lo que escribiria.

Prologo del Quixote.

derived no satisfaction from public approbation. For I have seen reason to believe, that fame, acquired by appropriating the labours of others, neither improves the head nor the heart of the usurper.

The preface was formerly a supplication to the reader, for mercy and favour, somewhat in the style of Bayes's prologue: of late, it has rather consisted of an explanation of the author's claims to respect, and a declaration of his literary alliances, under colour of acknowledgements to his friends. My own opinion has always been, that it ought to bear some relation to the book which it is designed to introduce; and as nothing can be more miscellaneous than my volumes, I trust it will not be thought irrelevant, if the preface should partake of their nature.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Illustrations of Sterne - - - - -	17
Chapter I. <i>Probable origin of Sterne's ludicrous writings.—General account of the nature of the ludicrous.—Why the sixteenth century produced many authors of this class - - - - -</i>	19
Chapter II. <i>Ludicrous writers, from whom Sterne probably took general ideas, or particular passages — Rabelais — Beroalde — D' Aubigné — Bouchet — Bruscambille — Scarron — Swift — Gabriel John - - - - -</i>	40
Chapter III. <i>Sketches of ludicrous writers, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries - - - -</i>	75
Chapter IV. <i>Other writers imitated by Sterne — Burton — Bacon — Blount — Montaigne — Bishop Hall - - - - -</i>	82
Chapter V. <i>Of the personages of Tristram Shandy. Anecdotes of Dr. Slop - - - - -</i>	129
Chapter VI. <i>Mr. Shandy's hypothesis of noses explained — Taliacotius — Stories of long noses — Coincidence between Vigneul-Marville and Lavater — Opinions of Garmann — Riolan Beddoes — Segar's point of honour concerning the nose - - - - -</i>	146

ILLUSTRATIONS
of
STERNE.

VOL. I.

B

STERNE, for whose sake I plod thro' miry ways
Of antic wit, and quibbling mazes drear,
Let not thy shade malignant censure fear,
Tho' aught of borrow'd mirth my search betrays.
Long slept that mirth in dust of ancient days,
(Erewhile to GUISE, or wanton VALOIS dear)
Till wak'd by thee in SKELTON's joyous pile,
She flung on TRISTRAM her capricious rays.
But the quick tear, that checks our wond'ring smile,
In sudden pause, or unexpected story,
Owns thy true mast'ry ; and *Le Fevre's* woes,
Maria's wand'rings, and the *Pris'ner's* throes
Fix thee conspicuous on the shrine of glory.

ILLUSTRATIONS,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

Probable origin of Sterne's ludicrous writings.—General account of the nature of the ludicrous.—Why the sixteenth century produced many authors of this class.

IT sometimes happens, in literary pursuits, as in the conduct of life, that particular attachments grow upon us by imperceptible degrees, and by a succession of attentions, trifling in themselves, though important in their consequences. When I published some desultory remarks on the writings of Sterne, many years ago, having told all that I knew, I had no intention to resume the subject. But after

an enquiry has been successfully begun, facts appear to offer themselves of their own accord to the investigator. Materials have encreased on my hands, from a few casual notes and references, to the size of a formal treatise: I trust it will be found, however, that I have had sufficient discretion not to bestow all my tediousness on the public.

When the first volumes of *Tristram Shandy* appeared, they excited almost as much perplexity as admiration. The feeling, the wit, and reading which they displayed were sufficiently relished, but the wild digressions, the abruptness of the narratives and discussions, and the perpetual recurrence to obsolete notions in philosophy, gave them more the air of a collection of fragments, than of a regular work. Most of the writers from whom *Sterne* drew the general ideas, and many of the peculiarities of his book, were then forgotten. *Rabelais* was the only French wit of the sixteenth century, who was

generally read, and from his obscurity, it would have been vain to have expected any illustration of a modern writer.

Readers are often inclined to regard with veneration, what they do not understand. They suppose a work to be deep, in proportion to its darkness, and give the author credit for recondite learning, in many passages, where his incapacity, or his carelessness, have prevented him from explaining himself with clearness. It was not the business of Sterne to undeceive those, who considered his *Tristram* as a work of unfathomable knowledge.

He had read with avidity the ludicrous writers, who flourished under the last princes of the race of Valois, and the first of the Bourbons. They were at once courtiers, men of wit, and, some of them, profound scholars. They offered to a mind full of sensibility, and alive to every impression of curiosity and voluptuousness, the private history of an age, in

which every class of readers feels a deep interest; in which the heroic spirit of chivalry seemed to be tempered by letters, and the continued conflict of powerful and intrepid minds produced memorable changes, in religion, in politics, and philosophy. They shewed, to a keen observer of the passions, the secret movements, which directed the splendid scenes beheld with astonishment by Europe. They exhibited statesmen and heroes drowning their country in blood; for the favours of a mistress, or a quarrel at a ball; and veiling under the shew of patriotism, or religious zeal, the meanest and most criminal motives. While he was tempted to imitate their productions, the dormant reputation of most of these authors seemed to invite him to a secret treasure of learning, wit, and ridicule. To the facility of these acquisitions, we probably owe much of the gaiety of Sterne. His imagination, untamed by previous labour, and unsated by a long acquaint-

ance with literary folly, dwelt with enthusiasm on the grotesque pictures of manners and opinions, displayed in his favourite authors. It may even be suspected, that by this influence he was drawn aside from his natural bias to the pathetic; for in the serious parts of his works, he seems to have depended on his own force, and to have found in his own mind whatever he wished to produce; but in the ludicrous, he is generally a copyist, and sometimes follows his original so closely, that he forgets the changes of manners, which give an appearance of extravagance to what was once correct ridicule.

It is more necessary to preserve a strict attention to manners, in works of this sort, because the ludicrous, by its nature, tends to exaggeration. The passion of laughter, the strongest effect of ludicrous impressions, seems to be produced by the intensity, or more properly, the excess of pleasurable ideas: *circum præcordia*

ludere, is the proper character of this class of emotions. Thus, a certain degree of fulness improves the figure, but if it be increased to excessive fatness, it becomes risible. So in the qualities of the mind, modesty is agreeable—extreme bashfulness is ridiculous: we are amused with vivacity, we laugh at levity. If we observe the conversation of a professed jester, it will appear that his great secret consists in exaggeration. This is also the art of caricaturists: add but a trifling degree of length or breadth to the features of an agreeable face, and they become ludicrous. In like manner, unbolster *Falstaff*, and his wit will affect us less, the nearer he approaches to the size of a reasonable man.

I may add, that in idiots, and persons of weak understanding, laughter is a common expression of surprise or pleasure; and Young has observed,

That fools are ever on the laughing side.

All these remarks prove, that we do not reason with the accuracy which some authors suppose, concerning the turpitude, or incongruity of the ideas presented to us, before we give way to mirth. If their theory were just, a malicious critic might prove from their effects, the incongruity of their own discussions.

There is little difficulty in accounting for the number and excellence of the ludicrous writers, who appeared during the sixteenth century, and who not only resemble each other in their manner, but employ similar turns of thought, and by often relating the same anecdotes, shew that they drew their materials from a common store.

The *Amadis*, and other similar romances, had amused the short intervals of repose, which the pursuits of love and arms afforded, previous to the reign of Francis I. That prince, equally the patron of letters and of dissoluteness, formed

a court, which required works more calculated to inflame the imagination: a libertine scholarship became the tone of polite conversation, which was too faithfully copied by the fashionable wits. Even Brantome thinks it necessary to treat his readers with quotations, though mangled so barbarously, that he seems to have caught them by his ear alone. Neither the offensive details of this author, nor the satirical touches of D'Aubigné, could persuade us of the extreme corruption of manners in those times, if a witness, whose veracity cannot be questioned, had not left his testimony of its enormity, in a work dedicated to Cardinal Mazarine, and destined to the instruction of Louis XIV. "There never was (says Prefixe, in speaking of the court of Henry III) a court more vicious, or more corrupted. Impiety, atheism, magic, the most horrible impurities, the blackest treachery and perfidy, poisoning and

assassination prevailed in it to the highest degree." *

Rabelais, who shewed the way to the rest, may be considered as forming the link between the writers of romance and those of simple merriment. Great part of his book is thrown into the form of a burlesque romance; but, from the want of models, or of taste, he found no other method of softening his narrative, than the introduction of buffoonery. Some of his successors preferred the form of conversations, characteristically supported; a fashion introduced under the countenance of Henry III. who, in the midst of his vices and his dangers, still felt the attractions of literature. He instituted a meeting, which was held twice a-week in his closet, where a question was debated by the most learned men whom he could attach to the court, and by some ladies, who had cultivated letters. This was called the King's Academy, and ad-

* See note I.

mission to it was reckoned a particular mark of favour.* It is remarkable that this institution took place at the very time when, according to Perefixe, the morals of the court were most depraved, and it may be suspected that the discussions were not always strictly philosophical.

From this Royal Academy, Bouchet seems to have taken the plan of his *Sereès*, and it is not improbable that the fashion extended itself among the courtiers. In the succeeding century, it seemed to be revived in the celebrated conversations at the *Hotel de Rambouillet*, in recording which, Scuderi has so completely succeeded in preserving the verbose politeness of the time, and in tiring the reader

* Le Roi l'ayant fait de son Academie (1575) c'étoit une assemblée qu'il faisoit deux fois la Semaine en son cabinet, pour ouïr les plus doctes hommes qu'il pouvoit, et mesmes quelques dames qui avoient estudié sur un probleme toujours proposé par celui qui avoit le mieux fait à la dernière dispute.

D' Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

to death. Beroalde and D'Aubigné published their most distinguished satirical pieces, in the colloquial form: they cannot be termed dialogues, when we think of Lucian, and when we consider, that the diffidence of Erasmus prevented him from assuming that title for his charming Conversations.

The minds of men, just bursting from the severe oppression of theological and philosophical abuses, were peculiarly impressed with the ludicrous aspect which the objects of their former terror then presented. They had seen absurdity in its full vigour, and even in its tyranny; and they enjoyed the opportunities of derision, which the violence of parties afforded them.

Above all, the personal character of some of their princes, especially some females of the race of Valois, cherished this species of writing. Margaret Queen of Navarre, the accomplished sister of Francis I. was not only the patroness of

literary men, but a writer of great merit. The original edition of her novels is become extremely scarce, and was rendered into "*beau langage*," by some meddler, whose attempt proves his want of taste and feeling. But even through this kind of translation, we discern a mind of exquisite sensibility, highly ornamented both by reading and conversation.

Her poetical correspondence with Marot does great honour to her wit and elegance, while it shews her sincere respect for genius, unalloyed by the jealousy too common among authors of her pretensions.

Marot had concluded some verses, which he sent to a lady, as the forfeit of a wager, with a wish, that his creditors would accept the same kind of payment. Margaret replied in the following lines :

Si ceux à qui devez, comme vous dites,
Vous cognoyssoient comme je vous cognois,
Quitte seriez des debtes que vous fites,
Le temps passé, tant grandes que petites,

En leur payant un dizain, toutefois
 Tel que le votre, qui vaut mieux mille fois,
 Que l'argent deu par vous, en conscience ;
 Car estimer on peut l'argent au poids,
 Mais on ne peut (et j' en donne ma voix)
 Assez priser vostre helle science.

If those, Marot, by whom you're held in thrall,
 Esteem'd, like me, your rich, exelling vein,
 Full soon their harsh demands they would recal,
 And quit you of your debts, both great and small,
 One polish'd stanza thankful to obtain
 For verse like your's I hold more precious gain
 Than commerce knows, or avarice can devise :
 Gold may be rated to its utmost grain,
 But well I deem (nor think my judgment vain),
 That none your noble art can over-prize,

If Marot is to be believed, in his
 answer, he made good use of this ele-
 gant compliment :

Mes creanciers, qui de dizains n' ont cure,
 Ont leu le vostre : et sur ce leur ay dit,
 Sire Michel, Sire Bonaventure,
 Le seur du roi à pour moi fait ce dit :
 Lors eux cuidans que fusse en grand credit,
 M' ont apellé Monsieur à cry et cor,
 Et m' a valu vostre esorit autant qu' or.
 Car promis ont, non seulement d' attendre,
 Mais d' en prester, foi de marchand, encore :
 Et j' ay promis, foi de Clement, d' en prendre.

My cits, who nor for ode nor stanza care,
 Have read your lines, and op'd their rugged hearts ;
 I said, Sir Balaam, and Sir Plum, look there,
 Thus our king's sister values my good parts :
 They, deeming me advanc'd by courtly arts,
 Honour'd and worshipp'd me, with bows profound,
 And by your golden verses I abound ;
 Like ready coin, my credit they restore ;
 To lend again my worthy friends are bound,
 I pledg'd my honest word to borrow more.

A collection of the poems of this celebrated lady was published, under the title of *Les Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses* ; the Pearls of the Pearl of Princesses ; a conceit worthy of the compiler, who was her valet de chambre.

Margaret was suspected of an attachment to the reformed religion, in common with several of the wits whom she patronized, but her brother's affection sheltered her from persecution. Francis condemned the opinions of the reformed, as tending more to the destruction of monarchies, than to the edification of souls. Brantome adds, in his manner,

that the great Sultan Soliman was of the same opinion.* An excellent authority for the papal religion!

Even the death of this princess was connected with her love of knowledge; she contracted a mortal disease, by exposing herself to the night-air, in observing a comet.†

Her virtues were not inherited by the first wife of Henry IV. who bore the same name and title; but the second Margaret

* The whole passage is curious. "Le grand Sultan Soliman en disoit de mesme: laquelle (la reformée) combien qu'elle renversa plusieurs points de la religion Chrestienne et du Pape, il ne la pouvoit aymer; d'autant, disoit-il, que les religieux d'icelle n'estoient que brouillons et seditieux, et ne se pouvoient tenir en repos, qu'ils ne remuassent toujours. Voila pourquoi le roi François, sage prince s'il en fust oncques, en prevoiant les miseres qui en sont venues en plusieurs parts de la Chrestienté, les haïssoit, et fut un peu rigoureux à faire brusler vifs les heretiques de son temps. Si ne laissa-t-il pourtant à favoriser les princes protestants d'Allemagne contre l'Empereur. Ainsi ces grands rois se gouvernent comme il leur plaist.

Brantome, tom. ii. p. 281, 2.

† *Ib. tom. ii. p. 289.*

seems to have possessed, with the spirit of gallantry, some degree of the love of letters, which distinguished her grandfather Francis I. It is sufficiently clear, from many scattered anecdotes in Brantome, and other writers of that time, that during the brilliant period of her youth, her manners were calculated to encourage the class of authors which I have been describing; but it must be owned, that she concluded like many other lively characters, by shewing as much fervour in devotion, as she had formerly displayed in libertinism.

Among those fascinating women, who united the attractions of taste and knowledge to those of elegance and beauty, it would be unjust to forget the unfortunate MARY STUART. Brantome, an eye-witness of the early part of her life, informs us that she was much attached to literature, and that she patronized Ronsard and Du Bellay. Her dirge on the death of Francis II. which Brantome has pre-

served, contains some touches of true feeling amidst its conceits.

The affair of CHASTELARD, of which the same writer gives us an account, shews her affability to men of genius; though it must be confessed, that she exhibited at last, a degree of prudery, perhaps too austere.

Chastelard was a young man of family and talents, who had embarked in the suite of Mary, when she returned from France, to take possession of a disgusting sovereignty. He paid his court to the queen by composing several pieces of poetry, during the voyage, and one among the rest, which I have been tempted to imitate from Brantome's Sketch of it. "Et entre autres il en fit une d'elle sur un traduction en Italien; car il le parloit et l'entendoit bien, qui commence: *Che giova posseder citta e regni, &c.* Qui est un sonnet très-bien fait, dont la substance est telle: *De quoi sert posseder tant de royaumes, citez, villes,*

provinces ; commander a tant de peuples ; se faire respecter, craindre et admirer, et voir d' un Châtelain ; et dormir veuve, seule, et froide comme glace ?"

What boots it to possess a royal state,
To view fair subject-towns from princely tow'rs,
With mask and song to sport in frolic bow'rs,
Or watch with prudence o'er a nation's fate,
If the heart throb not to a tender mate ;
If doom'd, when feasts are o'er, and midnight hours,
Still to lie lonely in a widow'd bed,
And waste in chill regret the secret hours ?
Happier the lowly maid, by fondness led
To meet the transports of some humble swain,
Than she, the object of her people's care,
Rever'd by all, who finds no heart to share,
And pines, too great for love, in splendid pain:

Mary sought relief from the tiresome uniformity of the voyage, in attending to the productions of the young Frenchman ; she even deigned to reply to them, and amused herself frequently with his conversation. This dangerous familiarity overpowered the heart of poor Chastelard. He conceived a hopeless and unconquerable passion, and found himself, almost

at the same moment, obliged to quit the presence of its object, and to return to his native country.

Soon afterwards, the civil wars began in France; and Chastelard, who was a protestant, eagerly sought a pretence for re-visiting Scotland, in his aversion to take arms against the royal party. Mary received him with goodness, but she soon repented her condescension. His passion no longer knew any bounds, and he was found one evening, by her women, concealed under her bed, just before she retired to rest. She consulted equally her dignity and her natural mildness, by pardoning this sally of youthful frenzy, and commanding the affair to be suppressed. But Chastelard was incorrigible: he repeated his offence, and the queen delivered him up to her courts of justice, by which he was sentenced to be beheaded.

His conduct, at the time of his death, was romantic in the extreme. He would

accept no spiritual assistance, but read, with great devotion, Ronsard's Hymn on Death. He then turned towards the Queen's apartments, and exclaimed, *Farewell the fairest, and most cruel princess in the world*; after which he submitted to the stroke of justice, with the courage of a *Rinaldo* or an *Olindo*.

The ancient heroines of romance were content with banishing a presumptuous lover from their presence. Perhaps the extravagance of Chastelard's feeling was such, that he might have considered exile from Scotland as the severest of punishments. Mary certainly exercised her dispensing power with more lenity, on some other occasions.

The establishment of a buffoon, or king's jester, which operated so forcibly on Sterne's imagination, as to make him adopt the name of *Yorick*, furnished an additional motive for the exertions of ludicrous writers, in that age. To jest was the ambition of the best company;

agement que pouvois es affliger et malades absens. The religious disputes, which then agitated Europe, were subjects of ridicule too tempting to be withstood, especially as Rabelais was protected by the Chastillon family; this, with his abuse of the monks, excited such a clamour against him, that Francis I. felt a curiosity to hear his book read, and as our author informs us, found nothing improper in it.*

The birth and education of *Pantagruel* evidently gave rise to those of *Martinus Scriblerus*, and both were fresh in Sterne's memory, when he composed the first chapters of *Tristram Shandy*.

It must be acknowledged, that the application of the satire is more clear in Rabelais, than in his imitators. Rabelais attacked boldly the scholastic mode of education, in that part of his work; and shewed the superiority of a natural me-

* *Et n' avoit trouvé passage aucun suspect.*

thod of instruction, more accommodated to the feelings and capacities of the young. But Sterne, and the authors of *Scriblerus*, appear to ridicule the folly of some individual; for no public course of education has ever been proposed, similar to that which they exhibit.

Perhaps it was Sterne's purpose, to deride the methods of shortening the business of education, which several ingenious men have amused themselves by contriving. The *Lullian art*, which was once much celebrated, was burlesqued by Swift, in his *Project of a Literary Turning Machine*, in the *Voyage to Laputa*. Des Cartes has defined Lully's plan to be, *the art of prating copiously, and without judgment, concerning things of which we are ignorant* :* an art so generally practised in our times, that its author is no more thought of than the

* *Ars Lullii, ad copiosè, et sine judicio, de iis quæ nescimus garrendum.* Brucker. *Histor. Critic. Philoa.* t. ii. p. 205.

invention of the compass. Lully's seems to have been similar to the fortune-telling schemes which we see on the ladies' fans, that enable any person to give an answer to any question, without understanding either one or the other. Erasmus touched briefly on this subject, in his *Ars Notoria*, where he has exposed, in a few words, the folly of desiring to gain knowledge, without an adequate exertion of the faculties. *Providence, as he says finely, has decreed, that those common acquisitions, money, gems, plate, noble mansions, and dominion, should be sometimes bestowed on the indolent and unworthy; but those things which constitute our true riches, and which are properly our own, must be procured by our own labour.** Those who seldom knew the want of power on other occa-

* Atque sic visum est superis. Opes istas vulgares, aurum, gemmas, argentum, palatia, regnum, nonnunquam largiuntur ignavis et immerentibus; sed quæ veræ sunt opes, ac propriæ nostræ sunt, voluerunt parari laboribus.

stones, have felt it on this: DIONYSIUS and FREDERICK both experienced, that there is no royal road to the genuine honours of literature: even if to one, as if Sterne, had been sufficiently acquainted with the philosophical systems of his time, he might have converted the *Lullian art*, into an excellent burlesque of the Leibnitzian doctrine of *pre-established harmony*, then warmly disoused, and now completely forgotten. He seems to have avoided with care every controversial subject, which could involve him in difficulties. I observe in the sneer at *Water-landish knowledge*, among the criticisms of Yorick's sermons, a slight glance at a celebrated theological dispute: but, like his own monk, he had looked down at the prebendary's vest, and the hectic passed away in a moment.*

* Dr. Brown's *Estimate* is referred to in another passage, so obscurely, that modern readers can hardly recognize it.

selon son divin arbitre, que fait un potier ses vaisseaux. Par ce (dit Ponocrates) qu'il fut des premiers à la foire des nez. Il prit de plus beaux & des plus grands. Trut avant (dit le moine) selon la vraye Philosophie Monastique, c'est, par ce que ma Nourrice avoit les tetins molets, en l'allaictant, mon nez y enfrondroit comme en beurre, et la s'eslevoit et croissoit comme la paste dedans la metz. Les durs tetins des Nourrices font les enfans camus. Mais gay, gay, ad formam nasi cognoscitur ad te levavi."*

Sterne even condescended to adopt some of those lively extravagancies, which (as Rabelais declares that he wrote "en mangeant & buvant") would tempt us to believe that the Gallic wit, like Dr. King, sometimes "Drank till he could not speak, and then he writ."

— "Bon jour! good morrow!—so you have got your cloak on betimes! but

't is a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly—'t is better to be well mounted than go o' foot—and obstructions in the glands are dangerous—And how goes it with thy concubine—thy wife—and thy little ones o' both sides? and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady, &c.*

"Gens de bien," says Rabelais, "Dieu vous sauve et gard. Ou estes vous? je ne peux vous voir. Attendez que je chausse mes lunettes. Ha, ha, bien & beau s'en va Quaresme, je vous voy. Et doncques? Vous avez eu bonne vinee, á ce que l' on m' á dit. — Vous, vos femmes, enfans, parens et familles estes en santè desiree. Cela va bien, cela est bon, cela me plaist—" &c.

BEROALDE, Sieur de VERVILLE, a canon of the cathedral of Tours, considered his reputation as a wit, more than as a clergyman, in his *Moyen de Parvenir*,

* Tristram Shandy, vol. viii. chap. iii.

published in 1599; a book disgusting by its grossness, but extremely curious, from the striking pictures which it offers, of the manners and knowledge of the age. From him, I suspect, Sterne took Mr. Shandy's repartee to Obadiah.

“My father had a little favourite mare, which he had consigned over to a most beautiful Arabian horse, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding: he was sanguine in all his projects; so talked about his pad every day with as absolute a security, as if it had been reared, broke, bridled and saddled at his door ready for mounting. By some neglect or other in Obadiah, it so fell out, that my father's expectations were answered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beast of the kind as ever was produced.

“My mother and my uncle Toby expected my father would be the death of Obadiah, and that there never would be an end of the disaster.—See here! you rascal, cried my father, pointing to

the mule, what you have done.—It was not I, said Obadiah—How do I know that? replied my father.”*

Un petit garçon de Paris apella un autre, fils de putain, qui s'en prit à pleurer, et le vint dire à sa mere, qui lui dit: que ne lui as-tu dit qu' il avoit menti? Et que savois-je, dit il.†

The *Moyen de Parvenir* has all the abruptness, and quickness of transition, which Sterne was so fond of assuming. There is also some *galimatias*, though not so much as in Rabelais. I own it is possible, that Sterne may have found this turn in some other book, for Beroalde has furnished subjects of pillage to a great number of authors. He mentions a curious badge of party, which I think Sterne would have noticed, if he had been acquainted with the book. “Je me souviens qu' aux seconds troubles

* Tristram Shandy, vol. v. chap. iii.

† *Moyen de Parvenir*, tom. i. p. 69.

nous étions en garnison à *la Charité*. Etant en garde s'il passait un homme avec une braguette, nous l'appellions Papiste, et la lui coupions; c'était mal fait, d'autant que sous tel signe y a de grandes mystères quelquefois cachés.—Je m'en repentis, et m'en allai à *Cosne*, où nous nous fîmes soldats d'élite, et nous mîmes es bandes catholiques. Il nous eut une autre cause de remords de conscience; c'est que voyant ces ébraguetés, les disions Huguenots." *

The detection of imitations is certainly, in many cases, decided by taste, more than by reasoning; the investigation is slow, but the conviction is rapid.

The skilful miner thus each cranny tries,
Where wrapt in dusky rocks the crystal lies,
Slow on the varying surface tracks his spoil,
Oft' leaves, and oft renews his patient toil;
Till to his watchful eye the secret line
Betrays the rich recesses of the mine;
Then the rude portals to his stroke give way;
Th' imprison'd glories glitter on the day.

* *Moyen de Parvenir*, tom. i. p. 59.

It is sufficiently evident, from the works of Sterne's *Eugenius*,* that he, at least, was deeply read in Beroalde, who wanted nothing but decency to render him an universal favourite. †

Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigné is well known by his historical works, in which, valuable and interesting as they are, he has not always been able to conceal his satirical disposition. In his *Baron de Farneste*, with all the extravagance of the Gascon, we are so constantly recalled to right and severe reason by the other characters, that it almost produces the full effect of genuine history on our minds. We discover, in every page, the caustic moralist, the uncorrupted and indignant courtier, unable to conceal the

* John Hall Stevenson, Esq. of Skelton Castle.

† This doubt is now completely removed, by a copy of the *Moyen de Parvenir*, which I received from Mr. Heber. The blank leaf contains Sterne's Autograph, *L. Sterne, a Paris, 8 livres*; and the book, as Mr. Heber observed, bears evident marks of its having been frequently turned over.

foibles of a monarch, whom he loved and served but too faithfully, and impatient of those who acquired the favour of Henry, by shewing more indulgence to his weaknesses. This book may be considered, in some measure, as a supplement to his general history, for it contains much secret anecdote, as well as the most curious particulars respecting manners.

Perhaps the story of *Pautrot*, and the lady *de Noaillé*, in this book, suggested to Sterne the scene with the Piedmontese lady, in his *Sentimental Journey*.

There is stronger reason to believe that Sterne took the hint of beginning some of his sermons, in a startling and unusual manner, from this source. D'Aubigné, who seems to have been a man of deep religious impressions, has exposed, with equal keenness, the extravagancies of the monks, and of the ministers. He mentions one of the latter, who began a sermon thus : *Par la vertu de Dieu, par la*

mort de Dieu, par la chair de Dieu, par le sang de Dieu ; and added after a long pause, *nous sommes sauvez et delivrez de l'enfer*. Several instances in the same taste, but not so well authenticated, may be found in the *Passe Temps agreable*.

I must here vindicate Sterne from a charge of plagiarism, which has been made from inattention to dates. It has been said, that he borrowed much from the history of Friar Gerund ; and many parallel passages have been cited (as they well might) to prove the assertion. The truth is, that the history of Friar Gerund, composed by Father *Isla*, to ridicule the absurdities of the itinerant Spanish preachers, was published in Spain, the very same year in which the two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy* appeared. It was translated into English, several years afterwards, by a clergyman, who thought proper to imitate, in his translation, the style of *Tristram Shandy*, then extremely popular. If any plagiarisms exist, there-

fore, they are chargeable on the translator.

The original of Friar Gerund appeared in 1758; the translation in 1772.

As a specimen of D'Aubigné's style, which unites the severe and the ludicrous, I shall quote the following strokes on a controversial point.

"Your devotions," says the Baron, speaking of the reformed, "are invisible, and your church is invisible."—"Why do you not finish," retorts his opponent, "by reproaching us, like savages, that our God is invisible?"—"But we would have every thing visible," cries the Baron. *C'est pourquoi*, replies the other, *entre les reliques de S. Front on trouva dans une petite phiole un esternument du S. Esprit.*

D'Aubigné was so fond of writing epigrams, that he could not abstain from them, even in his history. He had no great genius for poetry, but his epigrams are generally acute, though better turned in the thought than the expression.

One of them, which is introduced in

the Baron de Fœnesté, is written for a man of distinction,* whose wife, finding his mistress very ill drest, thought fit to clothe her anew. *Lors*, says the Baron in his jargon, *lou monsur boiant cette vra-berie, en dit ce petit mout.*

Oui, ma femme, il est tout certain
Que c' est vaincre la jalousie,
Et un trait de grand courtoisie
D'avoir revestu ma putin.
Si je veux, comme la merveille
Et l' excellence des maris,
Rendre à vos ribaux la pareille,
Cela ne se peut qu' à Paris.

I own, my life, beyond all doubt,
Your merit great, your conduct sage,
Since spurning jealous qualms and rage,
You 've deck'd my girl so smartly out.
If I, attentive to your wants,
Our mutual confidence to crown,
Should do as much for your gallants,
'T would empty half the shops in town.

This, and many other passages in the writers of those times, shew that the dis-

* Mr. de Sourdís.

solute conduct of the gay circles in France is not of modern date. The turn of the lines I have just quoted, is in the taste of Voltaire or Bernis. In fact, the great corruption of manners took place in the time of Francis I. who sacrificed to the ostentation, and the future elegance of the court, every principle leading to true happiness.

Another epigram of D'Aubigné's was founded on a repartee of Henry IV. in his youth.

Sylvia her gambling nephew chides,
With many a sharp and pithy sentence ;
The graceless youth her care derides,
Yet seems to promise her repentance :
" When you, dear aunt, relinquish man,
Expect me to abandon gaming."
The prudent matron shakes her fan ;
" Go, rogue, I find you 're past reclaiming.

The same thought has been turned by some of the modern French epigrammatists.

The question respecting the sincerity of Henry's conversion seems pretty clearly

decided in the Baron de Fœnesté, in the chapter on Nuns, book iv. chapter xii.

Sterne has generally concealed the sources of his curious trains of investigation, and uncommon opinions, but in one instance he ventured to break through his restraint, by mentioning *Bouchet's Evening Conferences*, among the treasures of Mr. Shandy's library. This book is now become so extremely scarce, that for a long period, it had escaped all my enquiries, and the most persevering exertions of my friends. Some of the most curious collectors of books, among whom I need only mention the late excellent Dr. Farmer, informed me that they had never seen it. I owed to the indefatigable kindness of Thomas Thompson, Esq. M. P. the satisfaction of perusing an odd volume of this work. I have great reason to believe that it was in the SKELTON library some years ago, where I suspect Sterne found most of the authors of this class; for Mr. Hall's poetry shews that he knew and read them much.

The *Serées* of Bouchet consist of a set of regular conversations, held, as the title implies, in the evening, generally during supper, and may be regarded as transcripts of the *petits soupers* of that age. A subject of discussion is proposed each evening, generally by the host, and it is treated characteristically, with a mixture of great knowledge and light humour. Every conversation concludes with a jest. The chief characters, supported through the whole volume which I had first seen, are, a man of learning, such as the times afforded; a soldier, very fond of talking over his past dangers; a physician, who is sometimes found deficient in his philosophy; and a droll, who winds up all with his raillery. The conversations are not, indeed, connected by any narrative, but I entertain little doubt, that from the perusal of this work, Sterne conceived the first precise idea of his *Tristram*, as far as any thing can be called precise, in a desultory book, apparently written with great rapidity. The most ludicrous and

extravagant parts of the book seem to have dwelt upon Sterne's mind, and he appears to have frequently recurred to them from memory. In the twentieth *Serèe*, for example, there is a long and very able discussion of the causes of colour in negroes; and Bouchet has anticipated most of the objections which are made to the supposition, that the darkness of their complexion is produced by the heat of their climate. In the course of the *Serèe*, it is asked, why negroes are flat-nosed, and this question brings into play the subject of noses, so often introduced in Tristram Shandy.

I extract the following passages as specimens of Bouchet's manner: the reader may not be displeased to acquire some idea of a book so uncommon.

Je me trouvoy un jour à la table d' un grand Seigneur, ou nous etions bien empeschez à rendre la raison, pourquoy en Espagne on faisoit les pains plus grands qu' en France ou Italie. Les uns disoient que c'

estoit à cause que le grand pain se tient plus frais que le petit, et qu' il ne se desseiche pas si tost, étant l' Espagne fort chaude. Les autres soustenoient que les Espagnols avoient leurs fours plus grands que les autres peuples; parce qu' ils disent que le pain est meilleur cuit en un grand four qu' en un petit, le pain cuit en un petit four ne cuisant pas esgallement, comme en un grand, et les fours d' Espagne étant grande, ce n' est pas de merveilles s' ils font les pains grands, et aussi qu' à l' enformer on frict les pains cornus. Le tiers disoit, que tant plus le pain estoit grand, tant plus on le trouvoit savoureux et meilleur, ayant plus de vertu & faculté assemblée, comme le vin est plus fort & meilleur en une pippe qu' en un bus-sard. Que le grand pain, adjoustoit-il, soit meilleur que le petit, cela ce peut prouver de ce qu' il y avoit des festes, qui se nommoient Megalartia, à cause de la grandeur des pains, dont le pain estoit estimé sur tous les autres, & aussi bon que celui de la ville d' Eresus, si nous croyons au poëte Arcestrate,

*pour lequel pain Mercure prenoit bien la peine de descendre du ciel, et en venir faire provision pour les dieux. Et aussi quand le pain est petit, il se brusle par la crouste, & demeure mal cuit au dedans, par l' obstacle de la crouste havie : et si la paste croist et leve mieux quand il y en à beaucoup, que quand il n' y en à gueres, comme on dit que la paste se leve mieux durant la pleine Lune qu' en un autre temps. Lors un laurdaut qui servoit à la table, nous voyant en si grand debat, se va mocquer de nous, de ce qu' estions empeschez en si peu de chose, & nous va dire, que les Espagnols faisoient leurs pains plus grands qu' ailleurs, parce qu' ils y mettoient plus de paste.**

Another of his speakers tells the following story.

Ce maître qui estoit de nos Sereès, nous conta qu' un jour il demanda à un sien mes-tayer comme il se portoit depuis deux ou trois jours que sa femme estoit morte, lequel

* Sereès, tom. iii. p. 204. This edition was published at Paris, 1608.

*lui répondit, Quand je revins de l' enterrement de ma femme, m' essuyant les yeux, et travaillant à plorer, chacun me disoit, compere, ne te soucie, je sçay bien ton fait, je te donneray bien une autre femme. Helas ! me disoit-il, on ne me disoit point ainsi, quand j' eu perdu l' une de mes vaches.**

At length I was favoured with a copy of Bouchet, by Col. Stanley, who had a duplicate in his noble library.

There was more reason to have represented the acquisition of this book as matter of triumph, than the purchase of *Bruscambille*.

Mr. Shandy has the good fortune, we are told, to get Bruscambille's *Prologue on Noses* almost for nothing—that is, for three half-crowns. “There are not three Bruscambilles in Christendom—said the stall-man, except what are chained up in the libraries of the curious. My father

* Sereès, p. 216.

flung down the money as quick as lightning—took Bruscamville into his bosom—hyed home from Piccadilly to Coleman-street with it, as he would have hyed home with a treasure, without taking his hand once off from Bruscamville all the way.”* This is excellently calculated to excite the appetite of literary epicures, but the book in question is not sufficiently entertaining to gratify much expectation. It consists of occasional prologues, in prose, a species of amusement much in vogue during the reign of Louis XIII. TABARIN, who seems to have been contemporary with BRUSCAMVILLE, but more a merry andrew than a comedian, published his dialogues with his master, and his prologues, about the same time.†

* Tristram Shandy, vol. iii. chap. xxxv.

† Tabarin is mentioned in the Description of the Winter in Paris, by *Boisrobert*, an officer of Cardinal Richlieu.

Tout divertissement nous manque :

Tabarin ne va plus en banque.

Tabarin is said to have been the *Valet* of Mondor.
See De Bure.

They both stole largely from the *Moyen de Parvenir*, as the editor of that book has observed. The original copy of the *Pensées Facétieuses de Bruscambille* was published in 1623, mine was printed at Cologne, in 1741.

There is little merit in this mass of buffoonery; the only originality consists in its gaimutias; however, as the book is not easily to be procured, I shall insert the Prologue on Noses among the notes, that no future collector may sigh for Bruscambille.*

The false taste of Scarron's humour has occasioned a general neglect of his works; it was by mere accident that I discovered the origin of a very interesting scene in the Sentimental Journey, in taking up the *Roman Comique*. It is the chapter of the DWARF, which every reader of Sterne must immediately recollect; but I shall transcribe that part which is directly taken from Scarron.

* See note V.

"A poor defenceless being of this order [a dwarf], had got thrust somehow or other into this luckless place [the parterre]—the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides ; but the thing which incommoded him most, was a tall corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood between him and all possibility of his seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first one side and then the other ; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris ; so he civilly reached up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress.—The German turned his head back, looked down upon

him, as Goliath did upon David—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.”

Such was the distress of Scarron’s disastrous hero, *Ragotin*. “Il vint tard à la comédie, & pour la punition de ses pechez, il se plaça derriere un gentilhomme à large eschine, et couvert d’une grosse casaque qui grossissoit beaucoup sa figure. Il estoit d’une taille si haute au dessus des plus grandes, qu’encore qu’il fut assis, Ragotin qui n’etoit séparé de lui que d’un rang de sieges, crut qu’il estoit debout, et lui cria incessamment qu’il assit comme les autres, ne pouvant croire qu’un homme assis ne dust pas avoir sa tête au niveau de toutes celles de la compagnie. Ce gentilhomme qui se nommoit la Baguenediere, ignora longtemps que Ragotin parlat à lui. Enfin Ragotin l’apella Mr. à la plume verte, et comme veritablement il en avoit une bien touffue, bien sale, et peu fine, il tourna la teste, et vit le petit impatient qui lui dit assez rudement qu’

il s' assit. La Baguenodiere en fut si peu ému, qu' il se retourna vers le theatre, comme si de rien n' eut été. Ragotin lui recria encore qu' il s' assit. Il tourna encore la tete devers lui ; le regarda, et se retourna vers le theatre. Ragotin recria, Baguenodiere tourna la tete pour la troisieme fois ; regarda son homme, et pour la troisieme fois se retourna vers le theatre. Tant que dura la comédie, Ragotin, lui cria de meme force qu' il assit, et la Baguenodiere le regarda toujours d' un meme flegme, capable de faire enrager tout le genre humain."*

For the mean and disgusting turn which this story receives in the *Roman Comique*, Sterne has substituted a rich and beautiful chain of incidents which takes the strongest hold on our feelings. He has in no instance of his imitations shewed a truer taste : the character of Scarron's manner, indeed, is that it always disappoints expectation.

* *Roman Comique*, tom. ii. chap. xvii.

That Sterne frequently had in view the *Tale of a Tub*, in composing Tristram Shandy, cannot be doubted: Swift's Dissertation on *Ears* probably contributed towards Sterne's digressions on *Nostrils*, which shall be considered hereafter. I do not know that it has been observed; that in this pleasant and acute satire, Swift has formed his manner very much upon that of JOHN EACHARD. The style of Swift is much superior in correctness of taste, but the turn of pleasantry is very similar, and has little in common with other writers. Eachard was a writer of great celebrity in Swift's early days, when he composed his *Tale of a Tub*, a work produced in the vigour of his fancy, and the first heat of his literary attainments.

I shall not presume to determine whether Sterne made any use of a whimsical book, apparently published about the year 1748, (for it has no date) under the title of, *An Essay towards the Theory of*

the Intelligible World, by Gabriel John. It is a pretty close copy of the Tale of a Tub in manner; some appearances of imitation may, therefore, be supposed to result from the common reference of both writers to Swift. If Sterne can be supposed to have taken any thing from this book, it must be the hint of his marbled pages. The author of Gabriel John has covered almost the whole of his 163d page with dashes, thus ———— and he observes in a corner; *The author very well understands, that a good sizeable hiatus discovers a very great genius, there being no wit in the world more ideal, and consequently more refined, than what is displayed in those elaborate pages, that have ne'er a syllable written on them.* The only subject of doubt respecting the charge of imitation in this case is, that Sterne may be allowed to have possessed sufficient genius to extend one of Swift's *hiatus* over a whole leaf, without the aid of our anonymous writer.

The essay in question was professedly composed to satirize Norris's Theory of the Ideal World; but Hobbes (whose reveries still retained the much injured name of philosophy), Bentley, and Wotton, the objects of Swift's satire, were made equal victims of our author's ridicule. The book contains several poems which have no apparent connection with the general design, excepting some parodies of Dr. Bentley's peculiar system of emendation. It must be owned, that the author had warned the reader, with uncommon candour, in the title page, that he should introduce *other strange things, not insufferably clever, nor furiously to the purpose*; the worst that can be said of him therefore, is, that he has kept his word.

Another old English book was pointed out, in the Monthly magazine, a few years ago, as a source of imitation for Tristram Shandy. I procured it, by the kind assistance of Colonel Stanley, at a

considerable price, and was happy to dispose of it very soon after, to a collector, who fell in love with the frontispiece.

“The Life of a Satyrical Puppy, called Nim,” is a small octavo volume, of 118 pages, “by T. M. printed by and for Humphrey Mosley, at the Prince’s Arms, in St. Paul’s Church-Yard, 1657.” It is dedicated to George Duke of Buckingham, and presents to him Nim, and Bung his man, “both born to attend his lordship’s mirth.” It appears to me a very lame attempt at personal satire, the object of which cannot now be discovered. The book is extremely rare. Nothing can be more unlike the style of Tristram Shandy, than the contents of this work, and I acquit Sterne completely from the charge of having copied it.

The frontispiece represents Nim and his man, in the dress of the times. The figure of *Bung* serves to explain a phrase

in Shakespeare's Twelfth Night; he is *cross-gartered*. The trunk-breeches do not reach quite to the knee, above and below which, the garter is applied spirally, till it disappears in the boot.

"Why," says our poet, "may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?" These masters of ridicule may be tracked to a state of similar degradation, through the works of estimable writers, to miserable farces, and at length to the jest-books, where the dregs of different authors are so effectually intermingled, that the brightest wit is confounded with the vilest absurdity.

CHAPTER III.

Sketches of ludicrous writers, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

THE spring has not been more celebrated by poets, than the evening by the authors of facetious books. Perhaps the jovial Deipnosophists of Athenæus influenced Bouchet, and some of the more learned writers of this kind, who represent their discussions as taking place after supper. In the *Moyen de Parvenir*, the company are supposed to be constantly at table, and to form a sort of *Everlasting club*.

I. The *Serees*, or *Evenings*, of GUILLAUME BOUCHET, have gone through three editions; the first at Paris, in three

volumes, duodecimo, 1608 ; the other of Rouen, in the same form ; the date, 1615 ; the third, which is inferior to these, at Lyons, in 1614, in three volumes, octavo, bound together. They are all extremely rare, in this country.

That Sterne had seen this book in the SKELTON Library, I have strong reason to believe ; he must have been much gratified with its grotesque wit, and its laboured discussions of trifles ; but I cannot perceive that he has made much use of it. The art of transplanting teeth, which has been considered as a recent invention, is mentioned by Bouchet, in his twenty-seventh Sereé. “ J’ai vu aussi une jeune Dame, qui se fit arracher une dent, ou parce qu’elle estoit gateé, ou mal situé, puis s’en fit remettre une autre, qu’elle fit arracher a une sienne Damoiselle, laquelle reprit, et servit comme les autres.”

II. The Apres-Diners, or *Afternoons*, of the Count D’Arete, ought perhaps to

have preceded Bouchet. This was one of the league-libels against Henry IV, and contains, like many other political satires, more venom than wit. My copy of it was published in 1614, at Paris.

III. The Epidorpidés, or *After Supper-times*, of Caspar Ens, is a collection of apophthegms, and serious stories, intermixed with some ludicrous matter. The copy in my possession was published at Cologne, 1624, in duodecimo. The introduction contains an uncommon display of learning, respecting the suppers of the Romans: their furniture, their dishes, their mode of decubitus at table, and particularly their different kinds of bread, are discussed with the diligence of an Apicius: the author must certainly have 'talked with some old Roman ghost.'

IV. The Escraignes Dijonnoises, or *Booths of Dijon*, by Tabourot, were published at Paris, in 1595. They contain

night-dialogues, among the young people of the lower class, in Dijon, who were accustomed to erect booths, in different quarters of that city, during the severity of winter, in which the women assembled to knit or spin; and where they were attended by the young men, who vied with them in telling stories. It does not appear that Sterne was acquainted with this author, but I find that Swift has poached deeply in his *BIGARRURES*. *The Art of Punning* was in great part extracted from this whimsical production of Tabourot, which contains an extraordinary number of puns and clenches. The *Rebus de Picardie* seem to have chiefly attracted Swift's attention: they combine both the powers of engraving and description, to produce a conceit. Such is the instance referred to by Swift. An abbot is represented lying prone, with a lilly growing out of his body: in French, this must be read;

Abbé mort en pré; au cul lis:

in Latin ;

Habe mortem præ oculis.

Tabourot asserts, that he copied this rebus from the gate of a monastery. Such was the wit of the sixteenth century.

I have a beautiful edition of the *Bigarrures*, in two volumes, duodecimo, printed at Paris, in 1586. The *Apophthegmes du Sieur Gaulard*, contained in this book, have laid the foundation of some of our jest-books. It seems to have escaped the notice of the ingenious author of an *Essay on Irish Bulls*, that most of the stories, commonly quoted as such, are either of Greek, or French origin. The *Asila* of Hierocles contain many of those blunders, which are reckoned standard Irish jokes; and in the ridiculous mistakes of the *Sieur Gaulard*, as recorded by Tabourot, many others may be found. The defender of Ireland may therefore triumphantly send back these aliens, which have been so unjustly

quartered on her country, to their native soil of Athens, Paris, and Dijon.*

V. A more sober compilation appeared in 1585, under the title of *Les Neuf Matinees du Seigneur de Cholieres*. It consists of conversations between a convalescent and his friends, on various

* It is remarkable, that Swift, who piqued himself on his accuracy, and who could not bear to be thought an Irishman, has published a *bull*, in his first *Drapier's Letter*. "Therefore I do most earnestly exhort you, as men, as christians, as parents, and as lovers of your country, to read this paper with the utmost attention, *or get it read to you by others*:" this is an exemplification of the old story in the jest books, where a templar leaves a note in the key-hole, directing the finder, if he cannot read it, to carry it to the stationer at the gate, who will read it for him.

But the most extraordinary of all blunders, and one undoubtedly of Irish production, is a fact mentioned by Ralph, in his history of England. During King William's campaigns in Ireland, a party of the natives, in King James's interest, undertook to fortify a pass against the English army. They were, of course, employed for some time on this design; but when the work was completed, it was found, says Ralph, that "they had turned the palisades the wrong way," so that they had secured the pass in favour of the enemy, and against themselves.

subjects, some of them sufficiently ludicrous.

VI. The *Penseés Facetieuses de Bruscambille* have become known by Sterne's notice of them. I do not know why he should select this vulgar, gross and stupid publication, as a specimen of Mr. Shandy's library. It contains little more than the usual low jokes respecting noses; and is indeed quite unworthy of perusal. The same observations apply to

VII. The *Questions Tabariniques*, which are mere 'Jack-pudding-jokes.'

VIII. The *Contes et Discours d'Eutrapel*, by NOEL DU FAIL, are much in the style of Bouchet, but with less reading. His pictures of ancient rural manners, in France, before the vices of the court began to affect the provinces, are extremely curious and interesting.

CHAPTER IV.

*Other writers imitated by Sterne—Burton
—Bacon—Blount—Montaigne—Bishop
Hall.*

STERNE was no friend to gravity, for which he had very good reasons ; it was a quality which excited his disgust, even in authors who lived in times that exacted an appearance of it. Like the manager in the Farce,* he sometimes “took the best part of their tragedy to put it into his own comedy.” Previous to the Reformation, great latitude in manners was assumed by the clergy. Bandello, who published three volumes

* The Critic.

of tales, in which he often laid aside decorum, was a bishop; and perhaps some of Sterne's friends expected him to become one also, without considering the severity of conduct required in protestant prelates. His friend Hall has run the parallel to my hands.

Why may'nt BANDELLO have a rap †
 Why may'nt I imitate BANDELLO ?
 There never was a prelate's cap
 Bestow'd upon a droller fellow.
 Like TRISTRAM in mirth delighting ;
 Like TRISTRAM a pleasant writer ;
 Like his, I hope that TRISTRAM's writing
 Will be rewarded with a mitre.*

Sterne has contrived to give a ludicrous turn to those passages which he took from BURTON's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a book, once the favourite of the learned and the witty, and a source of surreptitious learning to many others besides our author.† I had often wondered at

* Zachary's Tale.

† See note II.

military discipline, from inland navigation to the morality of dancing-schools, every thing is discussed and determined.

In his introductory address to the reader, where he indulges himself in an Utopian sketch of a perfect government (with due homage previously paid to the character of James I.), we find the origin of Mr. Shandy's notions on this subject. The passages are too long to be transcribed.

The quaintness of many of his divisions seems to have given Sterne the hint of his ludicrous titles to several chapters; and the risible effect of Burton's grave endeavours to prove indisputable facts by weighty quotations, he has happily caught, and sometimes well burlesqued. The archness which Burton displays occasionally, and his indulgence of playful digressions from the most serious discussions, often give his style an air of familiar conversation, notwithstanding the laborious collections which supply his

text. He was capable of writing excellent poetry, but he seems to have cultivated this talent too little. The English verses prefixed to his book, which possess beautiful imagery, and great sweetness of versification, have been frequently published. His Latin elegiac verses, addressed to his book, shew a very agreeable turn for raillery.

When the force of the subject opens his own vein of prose, we discover valuable sense and brilliant expression. Such is his account of the first feelings of melancholy persons, written, probably, from his own experience. "Most pleasant it is, at first, to such as are melancholy given, to lie in bed whole days, and keep their chambers; to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by a brook side, to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, which shall affect them most; *amabilis insania*, and *mentis gratissimus error*: a most incomparable delight it is so to

melancholize and build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose, and strongly imagine they represent, or that they see acted or done.****

So delightful these toys are at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years alone in such contemplations and fantastical meditations, which are like unto dreams, and they will hardly be drawn from them, or willingly interrupted; so pleasant their vain conceits are, that they hinder their ordinary tasks and necessary business, they cannot address themselves to them, or almost to any study or employment. These fantastical and bewitching thoughts so covertly, so feelingly, so urgently, so continually set upon, creep in, insinuate, possess, overcome, distract, and detain them; they cannot, I say, go about their more necessary business, stave off or extricate themselves, but are ever musing, melan-

cholizing, and carried along, as he (they say) that is led round about a heath with a *Puck* in the night, they run earnestly on in this labyrinth of anxious and solicitous melancholy meditations, and cannot well or willingly refrain, or easily leave off, winding and unwinding themselves, as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until at last the scene is turned upon a sudden, by some bad object, and they, being now habituated to such vain meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can ruminate of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life surprise them in a moment, and they can think of nothing else, continually suspecting. No sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague or melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds, which now by no means, no labour, no persuasions

they can avoid: *hæret lateri lethalis arundo*."* This passage should be carefully read by young persons of fine taste and delicate sentiments, for it contains a just account of the first inroads of melancholy on susceptible imaginations. Nothing is more seductive, or more hazardous to minds of this cast, than that kind of mental luxury, which is generally called *castle-building*. It appears a happy privilege to possess the direction of an ideal world, into which we can withdraw at pleasure, when disgusted with the gross material scene before us. But in this fairy-land lurk terrible phantoms, ready to seize the incautious wanderer, in moments of dejection and weakness, and to deprive him for ever of ease and liberty.

Burton has introduced a great part of these ideas into his poetical abstract of melancholy.

* *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 52, 53. My copy is the eighth edition, 1676. The first edition was published in 1617.

When I go musing all alone,
 Thinking of divers things fore-known,
 When I build castles in the air,
 Void of sorrow, void of fear,
 Pleasing myself with phantoms sweet,
 Methinks the time runs very fleet.
 All my joys to this are folly,
 Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
 Recounting what I have ill done,
 My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
 Fear and sorrow me surprise;
 Whether I tarry still or go,
 Methinks the time runs very slow:
 All my griefs to this are jolly,
 Nought so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
 With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
 By a brook-side, or wood so green,
 Unheard, unsought for, and unseen,
 A thousand pleasures do me bless,
 And crown my soul with happiness.
 All my joys beside are folly,
 None so sweet as melancholy, &c.*

* The resemblance between these verses, and Milton's *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, has been noticed by Mr. Warton. One line in the former,

The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes,

was probably suggested by the following passage in Burton; "She is his Cynosure, Hesperus, and Vesper, his morning and evening star." p. 316.

The first four chapters of *Tristram Shandy*, are founded on some passages in *Burton*, which I shall transcribe. Sterne's improvements I shall leave to the reader's recollection.

“ *Filii ex senibus nati raro sunt firmi temperamenti, &c. Nam spiritus cerebri si tum malé afficiantur, tales procreant, & quales fuerint affectus, tales filiorum, ex tristibus tristes, ex jucundis jucundi nascuntur.* [Cardan.] “ If she (the mother) be over-dull, heavy, angry, peevish, discontented, and melancholy, not only at the time of conception, but even all the while she carries the child in her womb (saith Fernelius) her son will be so likewise, and worse, as Lemnius adds, &c. - - - - So many ways are we plagued and punished for our father's defaults; * insomuch that as Fernelius truly saith, it is the greatest part of our felicity to be well-born, and it were happy for human kind,† if only

* This idea runs through *Tristram Shandy*.

† See *Tristram Shandy*, vol. viii. chap. 33.

such parents as are sound of body and mind should be suffered to marry. *Quanto id diligentius in procreandis liberis observandum.*"* I cannot help thinking, that the first chapter or two of the *Memoirs of Scriblerus* whetted Sterne's invention, in this, as well as in other instances of Mr. Shandy's peculiarities.

The forced introduction of the sneer at the term non-naturals,† used in medicine,

* *Anat. of Melanch* p. 37. edit. 1676.

Quanto id diligentius in liberis procreandis cavendum, sayeth Cardan. Tris. Shandy, vol. vi. ch. 33. Among a number of pamphlets, which appeared after the first two volumes of *Tristram*, one is entitled 'The Clock-maker's Outcry against the Author of the Life and Opinions of *Tristram Shandy*.' He complains that the concluding part of Sterne's first chapter, had rendered it indelicate to mention the winding up of clocks; but he has not treated the idea happily. I strongly suspect, that Sterne took the incident alluded to, from the 'Description of a Country Life,' in the supplementary volume to *Tom Brown's* works.

† *Tris. Shandy, vol. i. chap. 23.*—"Why the most natural actions of a man's life should be called his non-naturals, is another question." See *Burton*, p. 39. The solution might be easily given, if it were worth repeating. *Dr. Burton*, of York, published a book on this subject, which is here alluded to.

leads us back to Burton, who has insisted largely and repeatedly, on the abuse of the functions so denominated.

It is very singular, that in the introduction to the Fragment on Whiskers, which contains an evident copy, Sterne should take occasion to abuse plagiarists. "Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we for ever to be twisting and untwisting the same rope? for ever in the same track—for ever at the same pace? And it is more singular that all this declamation should be taken, word for word, from Burton's introduction.

"*As Apothecaries, we make new mixtures every day, pour out of one vessel into another; and as those old Romans robbed all the cities of the world, to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim off the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens, to set out our own sterile plots.**" Again, "*We weave the same*

* Burton, p. 4.

web still, twist the same rope again and again." *

"Who made MAN, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment—that great, that most excellent, and most noble creature of the world—the miracle of nature, as Zoroaster in his book *æpi φύσεως* called him—the SHEKINAH of the Divine presence, as Chrysostom—the image of God, as Moses—the ray of Divinity, as Plato—the marvel of marvels, as Aristotle—to go sneaking on at this pitiful, pimping, pettyfogging rate?" †

Who would suspect this heroic strain to be a plagiarism? yet such it is undoubtedly; and from the very first paragraph of the Anatomy of Melancholy. ‡

Man, says Burton, the most excellent and noble creature of the world, the principal and mighty work of God, wonder of nature, as Zoroastes calls him; audacis naturæ miraculum; the marvel of marvels,

* Ib. p. 5.

† Tristram Shandy, vol. v. chap. i.

‡ Page 1.

*as Plato ; the abridgment and epitome of the world, as Pliny ; microcosmus, a little world, a model of the world, sovereign lord of the earth, viceroy of the world, sole commander and governor of all the creatures in it ***** , created of God's own image, to that immortal and incorporeal substance, with all the faculties and powers belonging to it, was at first pure, divine, perfect, happy, &c.*

“ One denier, cried the order of mercy—one single denier, in behalf of a thousand patient captives, whose eyes look towards heaven and you for their redemption.

“ ———The Lady Baussiere rode on.

“ Pity the unhappy, said a devout, venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box, begirt with iron, in his withered hands—I beg for the unfortunate—good, my lady, 't is for a prison—for an hospital—'t is for an old man—a poor man undone by shipwreck, by suretyship, by fire—I call God and all his angels to witness—'t is to clothe the

naked—to feed the hungry—'t is to comfort the sick and the broken-hearted.

“ — The Lady Baussiere rode on. .

“ A decayed kinsman bowed himself to the ground.

“ — The Lady Baussiere rode on.

“ He ran begging bare-headed on one side of her palfrey, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c.—cousin, aunt, sister, mother—for virtue's sake, for your own, for mine, for Christ's sake, remember me—pity me.

“ — The Lady Baussiere rode on.” *

The citation of the original passage from Burton will confirm all I have said of his style.

“ A poor decayed kinsman of his sets upon him by the way in all his jollity, and runs begging bare-headed by him, conjuring him by those former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c. uncle, cousin, brother, father,——shew some pity for

* Tristram Shandy, vol. v. chap. i.

Christ's sake, pity a sick man, an old man, &c. he cares not, ride on : pretend sickness, inevitable loss of limbs, plead suretyship, or shipwreck, fires, common calamities, shew thy wants and imperfections,——swear, protest, take God and all his angels to witness, quære peregrinum, thou art a counterfeit crank, a cheater, he is not touched with it, pauper ubique jacet, ride on, he takes no notice of it. Put up a supplication to him in the name of a thousand orphans, an hospital, a spittle, a prison as he goes by, they cry out to him for aid : ride on —— Shew him a decayed haven, a bridge, a school, a fortification, &c. or some public work ; ride on. Good your worship, your honour, for God's sake, your country's sake : ride on." *

This curious copy is followed up in *Tristram Shandy*, by a chapter, and that a long one, written almost entirely from *Burton*. It is the consolation of *Mr. Shandy*, on the death of brother *Bobby*.

* *Anat. of Melanch.* p. 269.

“ When Agrippina was told of her son’s death, Tacitus informs us, that, not being able to moderate the violence of her passions, she abruptly broke off her work.” This quotation did not come to Sterne from Tacitus. “ *Mezentius would not live after his son——And Pompey’s wife cried out at the news of her husband’s death, Turpe mori post te, &c.—as Tacitus of Agrippina, not able to moderate her passions. So when she heard her son was slain, she abruptly broke off her work, changed countenance and colour, tore her hair, and fell a roaring downright.*” *

“ ’T is either Plato,” says Sterne, “ or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian—or some one, perhaps of later date—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella—or possibly it may be some divine or father of the church, St. Austin, or St. Cyprian, or Bernard, who affirms, that it is an irresistible and natural pas-

* Anat. of Melanch. p. 213.

sion, to weep for the loss of our friends or children—and Seneca, (I'm positive) tells us somewhere, that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel. And accordingly, we find that David wept for his son Absalom—Adrian for his Antinous*—Niobe for her children—and that Apollodorus and Crito both shed tears for Socrates before his death."—This is well rallied, as the following passage will evince; but Sterne should have considered how much he owed to poor old Burton.

"Death and departure of friends are things generally grievous; Omnium quæ in vita humana contingunt, luctus atque mors sunt acerbissima, [Cardan. de Consol. lib. 2.] the most austere and bitter accidents that can happen to a man in this life, in æternum valedicere, to part for ever, to forsake the world and all our friends, 't is ultimum terribilium, the last and the greatest

* The time has been, when this conjunction with the King of Israel would have smelt a little of the faggot.

*terror, most irksome and troublesome unto us, &c.—Nay many generous spirits, and grave staid men otherwise, are so tender in this, that at the loss of a dear friend they will cry out, roar, and tear their hair, lamenting some months after, howling O hone, as those Irish women and Greeks at their graves commit many indecent actions,” &c.** All this is corroborated by quotations from Ortelius, Catullus, Virgil, Lucan, and Tacitus. I take them in the order assigned them by Burton. For he says, with great probability of himself, that he commonly wrote as fast as possible, and poured out his quotations just as they happened to occur to his memory. But to proceed with Mr. Shandy’s consolation.

“T is an inevitable chance—the first statute in Magna Charta—it is an everlasting act of Parliament, my dear brother—all must die.”†

* Anat. of Melanch. p. 213.

† Tristram Shandy, vol. v. chap. 3.

“ ’T is an inevitable chance, the first statute in Magna Charta, an everlasting act of Parliament, all must die. ”*

“ When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at first he laid it to his heart—he listened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it, &c.—But as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion—nobody upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how joyful, how happy it made me.” †

“ Tully was much grieved for his daughter Tulliola’s death at first, until such time that he had confirmed his mind with some philosophical precepts, then he began to triumph over fortune and grief, and for her reception into heaven to be much more joyed than before he was troubled for her loss.” ‡

Sterne is uncharitable here to poor Cicero.—

* Anat. of Melanch. p. 215.

† Sterne.

‡ Burton.

“ Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? Where is Troy, and Mycene, and Thebes, and Delos, and Persepolis, and Agrigentum.—What is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cyzicum and Mytilene; the fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon, are now no more.”*

“ *Kingdoms, provinces, cities, and towns,*” says Burton, “ *have their periods, and are consumed. In those flourishing times of Troy, Mycene was the fairest city in Greece,——but it, alas, and that Assyrian Ninive are quite overthrown. The like fate hath that Egyptian and Bæotian Thebes, Delos, the common council-house of Greece, and Babylon, the greatest city that ever the sun shone on, hath now nothing but walls and rubbish left.*”——*And where is Troy itself now, Persepolis, Carthage, Cizicum, Sparta, Argos, and all those Grecian cities? Syracuse and Agrigentum, the fairest towns in Sicily, which had sometimes*

* Sterne.

seven hundred thousand inhabitants, are now decayed."

Let us follow Sterne again. "Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the left. What flourishing towns now prostrate on the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that a man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence. Remember, said I to myself again—remember that thou art but a man."

This is, with some slight variations, Burton's translation of Servius's letter. Sterne alters just enough, to shew that he had not attended to the original. Burton's version follows.

"Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara before, Pyræus on the

right hand, Corinth on the left; what flourishing towns heretofore, now prostrate and overwhelmed before mine eyes? Alas, why are we men so much disquieted with the departure of a friend, whose life is much shorter? when so many goodly cities lie buried before us. Remember, O Servius thou art a man; and with that I was much confirmed, and corrected myself."

"My son is dead," says Mr. Shandy, "so much the better,* 't is a shame in such a tempest, to have but one anchor."

I, but he was my most dear and loving friend, quoth Burton, my sole friend—Thou maist be ashamed, I say with Seneca, to confess it, in such a tempest as this, to have but one anchor.

"But, continues Mr. Shandy, "he is gone for ever from us! be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald. He is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited—from a banquet before he had got drunken. The

* This is an awkward member of the sentence.

Thracians wept when a child was born, and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world, and with reason. Is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat? not to thirst, than to take physic to cure it? Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues, love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life,* than, like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh?"

I shall follow Burton's collections as they stand in his own order.† *"Thou dost him great injury to desire his longer life. Wilt thou have him crazed and sickly still, like a tired traveller that comes weary to his inn, begin his journey afresh? — He is now gone to eternity—as if he had risen, saith Plutarch, from the midst of a*

* This approaches to one of Shakespeare's happy expressions :

Duncan is in his grave :

After *life's fitful fever* he sleeps well.

† Sterne has commonly reversed the arrangement, which produces a strong effect in the comparison.

*feast before he was drunk.——*Is it not much better not to hunger at all, than to eat : not to thirst, than to drink to satisfy thirst ; not to be cold, than to put on clothes to drive away cold ? You had more need rejoice that I am freed from diseases, agues, &c. The Thracians wept still when a child was born, feasted and made mirth when any man was buried : and so should we rather be glad for such as die well, that they are so happily freed from the miseries of this life.†*

Again—" Consider, brother Toby,—when we are, death is not, and when death is, we are not."—So Burton translates a passage in Seneca ; *When we are, death is not ; but when death is, then we are not.‡* The original words are, *quum nos sumus, mors non adest ; cum vero mors adest, tum nos non sumus.*

* This is a mere translation from Lucian, *περι Πενθους* : *εκ εννοει̃ δε ο̃τι το μη διψῆν, πολυ̃ καλλιον τε πει̃ν, και το μη πεινῆν, τε φαγειν, και το μη ριγῆν, τε αμπεχόντης ευπορε̃ν* ;—Burton has quoted his author fairly.

† Anat. of Mel. p. 216.

‡ P. 213.

“For this reason, continued my father, ’t is worthy to recollect, how little alteration in great men the approaches of death have made. Vespasian died in a jest——Galba with a sentence——Septimius Severus in a dispatch; Tiberius in dissimulation, and Cæsar Augustus in a compliment.” This conclusion of so remarkable a chapter is copied, omitting some quotations, almost verbatim, from Lord Verulam’s Essay on death.

Sterne has taken two other passages from this short essay: “There is no terror, brother Toby, in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions—and the blowing of noses, and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains in a dying man’s room.” Thus Bacon—*Groans and convulsions, and discoloured face, and friends weeping, and blacks, and obsequies, and the like, shew death terrible.* Again, Corporal Trim, in his harangue, “in hot pursuit, the wound itself which brings him is not felt.”—Bacon says, *He that dies in an earnest pur-*

suit, is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who for the time scarce feels the hurt.

Among these instances of remarkable deaths, I am surprised that the curious story of Cardinal Bentivoglio did not occur to Sterne. When the Cardinal entered the conclave, after the death of Urban VIII. he was unfortunately lodged in the chamber next to one who slept and snored *quantum poterat*, says Erythræus, all night long. Poor Bentivoglio, worn down to a shadow by his literary pursuits, and his disappointments, and already but too wakeful, passed eleven nights without sleep, by the snoring of his neighbour; when symptoms of fever appearing, he was removed to a more quiet room, in which he soon finished his days.*

We must have recourse to Burton again, for part of the Tristra-Pædia. "O blessed health! cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter,—

* Jan. Nic. Erythræ. Pinacothec. alter. p. 37.

thou art above all gold and treasure ; 't is thou who enlargest the soul,—and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wish for ; and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee." *

O blessed health ! says Burton, thou art above all gold and treasure ; [Ecclesiast.] the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss, without thee there can be no happiness.†

O beata sanitas, te presente amænum
Ver floret gratiis, absque te nemo beatus.

But I should, in order, have noticed first an exclamation at the end of chapter IX. in the spirit of which no body could expect Sterne to be original.‡

* Chap. xxxiii. vol. v.

† Page 104. Ibid. page 276.

‡ It has indeed been expressed, with singular warmth and beauty, by Aristophanes :

μή φθόνει ταῖσιν νέαισι.
τό τρυφερόν γὰρ ἐμπέφυκε
τοῖσιν ἀπάλοις μηρίοσι,
κάπῃ τοιο μέλοις επανθει.

“ Now I love you for this—and ’t is this delicious mixture within you, which makes you, dear creatures, what you are—and he who hates you for it—all I can say of the matter is, That he has a pumpkin for his head, or a pippin for his heart,—and whenever he is dissected ’t will be found so.”—Burton’s quotation is: *Qui vim non sensit amoris, aut lapis est, aut bellua*: which he translates thus: *He is not a man, a block, a very stone, aut Numen, aut Nebuchadnezzar, he hath a gourd for his head, a pippin for his heart, that hath not felt the power of it.*

In chap. xxxvi. vol. vi. Sterne has picked out a few quotations from Burton’s *Essay on Love-Melancholy*,* which afford nothing very remarkable, except Sterne’s boldness in quoting quotations.

By help of another extract† from Burton, Sterne makes a great figure as a curious reader: “ I hate to make mys-

* See Burton, p. 310. & seq.

† Trist. Shandy, vol. vii. chap. xiii.

teries of nothing;—'t is the cold cautiousness of one of those little souls from which Lessius (lib. xiii. de moribus divinis, ch. xxiv.) has made his estimate, wherein he setteth forth, That one Dutch mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to spare, for eight hundred thousand millions, which he supposes to be as great a number of souls (counting from the fall of Adam) as can possibly be damn'd to the end of the world.—

I am much more at a loss to know what could be in Franciscus Ribera's head, who pretends that no less a space than one of two hundred Italian miles, multiplied into itself, will be sufficient to hold the like number—he certainly must have gone upon some of the old Roman souls," &c.

The succeeding raillery is very well, but unfair with respect to the mathematical theologian, as the original passage will prove. "*Franciscus Ribera, in cap. 14. Apocalyps. will have hell a material*

and local fire in the centre of the earth, two hundred Italian miles in diameter, as he defines it out of those words, *Exiit sanguis de terra—per Stadia mille sexcenta, &c.* But Lessius, lib. xiii. de moribus divinis, cap. 24. will have this local hell far less, one Dutch mile in diameter, all filled with fire and brimstone; because, as he there demonstrates, that space cubically multiplied will make a sphere able to hold eight hundred thousand millions of damned bodies, (allowing each body six foot square) which will abundantly suffice." [I believe the damned, upon Lessius's scheme, would be less crowded, than the victims of the African slave-trade have often been, on the middle passage:] "*Cum certum sit, inquit, facta subductione, non futuros centies mille milliones damnandorum.*" *

Lucian, in his *Necyomantia*, allows only a foot to each of the shades; but the opponents of some late acts of the

* Anat. of Melanch. p. 156.

legislature must not pride themselves in his patronage. He supposed the tenants of his more merciful hell to be only skeletons, or the shadows, which had accompanied the natural bodies of men upon earth.*

Again, at the end of the same chapter in *Tristram Shandy*; "but where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I rushing? I—I who must be cut short in the midst of my days," &c. Burton concludes his chapter "on Maids, Nuts, and Widows' Melancholy," in the same manner. "*But where am I? into what subject have I rushed? What have I to do?*" † &c.

The preface to *Tristram*, which is whimsically placed near the end of the third volume, contains another of Burton's sallies. "Lay hold of me,—I am giddy—I am stone-blind—I'm dying—I am gone—Help! help! help!"

* Απαντες γὰρ ἀτεχνὰς ἀδελφὰς γινώσκαι αἰετοὶ, τῶν οὐρανῶν γεγυμνωμένων. *** ἐκείντο δ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοις αἰμαυροὶ, &c.

† Page 124.

Burton, in his *Digestion of Art*, stops himself in a metaphysical ramble, in the same manner. *But, hoo ! I am now gone quite out of sight : I am almost giddy with roving about.*

It was observed to me by Mr. Isaac Read, that Sterne had made use of the notes to Blount's Translation of *Philostratus*. The most striking resemblances are contained in Blount's Observations on Death, in which he has copied nearly the whole of Lord Verulam's Essay on that subject. Blount also declared war against gravity of manners, and there are many eccentricities scattered through his annotations (which are almost as bulky as the explanatory notes to our modern poems) that Sterne had turned to his own account, though it is difficult to trace them distinctly.

I shall just observe by the way, that a pretty passage in the *Story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles* ;—" **MODESTY** scarce touches with a finger what

LIBERALITY offers her with both her hands open"—alludes to a picture of Guido's, the design of which it describes tolerably well.

Retournons a nos moutons, as Rabelais would say ; in matters of painting, it is dangerous for a man to trust his own eyes, till he has taken his degree of Connoisseur.

It confirms me strongly in the belief that the character of Mr. Shandy is a personification of the authorship of Burton, when I find such a passage as the following in Sterne. "There is a Philippic in verse on some body's eye or other, that for two or three nights together had put him by his rest ; which, in his first transport of resentment against it, he begins thus :

"A devil 't is—and mischief such doth work,
As never yet did Pagan, Jew, or Turk."

This choice couplet is quoted by Burton* from some bad poet, now unknown.

* Page 331.

of whose name he only gives the initials.

“Hilarion the hermit, in speaking of his abstinence, his watchings, flagellations, and other instrumental parts of his religion,—would say—though with more facetiousness than became an hermit—That they were the means he used, to make his ass (meaning his body) leave off kicking.”*

“*By this means Hilarion made his ass, as he called his own body, leave kicking (so Hierome relates of him in his life) when the Devil tempted him to any foul offence.*”†

“I wish, Yorick, said my father, you had read Plato; for there you would have learnt that there are two LOVES—of these loves, according to Ficinus’s comment upon Velasius, the one is rational—the other is natural—the first ancient—without mother—where Venus has nothing to do: the second, begotten of Jupiter and Dione—”‡

* Tris. Shandy, vol. viii. chap. xxxi.

† Burton, p. 333.

‡ Tris. Shandy, vol. viii. chap. xxxiii.

* One Venus is ancient, without a mother, and descended from heaven, whom we call celestial. The younger begotten of Jupiter and Dione, whom commonly we call Venus. Ficinus, in his comment upon this place, cap. 8, following Plato, called these two loves, two devils, or good and bad angels according to us, which are still hovering about our souls.†

Mr. Shandy observes, on his son's circumcision, that the trine and sextile aspects have jumped awry. This is taken from Burton.‡ Many other small plagiarisms might be noticed; but I shall confine my observations to those of more consequence.

The fragment respecting the Abderitans, in the Sentimental Journey, is taken from Burton's chapter of *Artificial Allurements*.|| *At Abdera in Thrace*, (says Burton) *Andromeda*, one of Euripides' tra-

* Velasius is quoted through all the preceding passages in Burton.

† Page 260.

‡ Page 263. *Objects of Love*.

|| Page 301.

godies being played, the spectators were so much moved with the object, and those pathetic speeches of Perseus, among the rest, O Cupid, prince of gods and men, &c. that every man almost, a good while after, spake pure iambics, and raved still on Perseus's speech, O Cupid, prince of gods and men. As car-men, boys, and prentices, when a new song is published with us, go singing that new tune still in the streets, they continually acted that tragical part of Perseus, and in every man's mouth was, O Cupid, in every street, O Cupid, in every house almost, O Cupid, prince of gods and men; pronouncing still, like stage-players, O Cupid. They were so possessed all with that rapture, and thought of that pathetic love-speech, they could not, a long time after, forget, or drive it out of their minds, but, O Cupid, prince of gods and men, was ever in their mouths. Why Sterne should have called this a fragment, I cannot imagine; unless, as Burton forgot to quote his author, Sterne, was not aware that the

story was taken from the introduction to Lucian's Essay on the Method of Writing History.

Burton has spoiled this passage by an unfaithful translation. Sterne has worked it up to a beautiful picture, but very different from the original in Lucian, with which, I am persuaded, he was unacquainted.

That part of Mr. Shandy's letter to Uncle Toby, which consists of obsolete medical practices, is taken from one of Burton's chapters on the cure of Love-Melancholy.*

Gordonius's prescription of a severe beating for the cure of love, seems to have entertained Sterne greatly. This remedy was once a favourite with physicians, in the cure of many diseases: there was then good reason for giving *Birch* a place in the dispensatories. To say nothing of Luther's practice in the

* Anatomy of Melancholy, p. 333, to 335.

case of his maid-servant, which I shall have occasion to mention afterwards, we find in the Appendix to Wepfer's *Historie apoplecticorum*, an account of a soldier, who prevented an attack of the apoplexy, by flogging himself, till blood ran freely from his back and nostrils. Oribasius, one of the virtuosi of that time, wrote to recommend whipping in fevers. Dr. Musgrave quotes a German physician, who cured two of his patients of dysentery, by drubbing them as much as was sufficient.*

The practice of these terrible doctors among unfortunate lunatics, is too notorious. One of them directs the application for love-melancholy in this elegant manner, in his book ; *si juvenis est, flagelletur ejus culus cum verberibus,† et si non sistit, ponatur in fundo turris cum pane et aqua, &c.*

Campanella tells a curious story of an Italian prince, an excellent musician,

* Of the qualities of the nerves, p. 138.

† Meibomius, p. 5, et seq.

*qui alium deponere non poterat, nisi verberatus a servo ad id adscito.** I omit many other prescriptions of the same kind. These instances are sufficient to establish the predilection of the faculty for this practice,† which Butler has so highly celebrated for its moral tendency:

Whipping that 's virtue's governess,
 Tutress of arts and sciences;
 That mends the gross mistakes of nature,
 And puts new life into dull matter;
 That lays foundation for renown,
 And all the honours of the gown.‡

Peter I. of Russia seems to have adopted this philosophy, for we are assured that he was accustomed to cane his ministers and courtiers, for high misdemeanors, with his own imperial hands.

* Idem.

† I observe that the practice of whipping, in medicine, was revived, in North America, by Dr. Seaman, who applied a horse-whip to a patient who had taken an over-dose of opium. The method succeeded.

Medical Repository, New York, vol. iii. p. 156. 1799.

‡ Hudibras, part ii. canto i.

Sterne has made frequent references to Montaigne: the best commentary on the fifth chapter of *Tristram Shandy*, vol. VIII. is Montaigne's essay on the subject of that chapter.

Charges of Plagiarism in his Sermons have been brought against Sterne, which I have not been anxious to investigate, as in that species of composition, the principal matter must consist of repetitions. But it has long been my opinion, that the manner, the style, and the selection of subjects for those Sermons, were derived from the excellent *Contemplations* of Bishop Hall. There is a delicacy of thought, and tenderness of expression in the good Bishop's compositions, from the transfusion of which Sterne looked for immortality.

Let us compare that singular Sermon, entitled THE LEVITE AND HIS CONCUBINE, with part of the Bishop's Contemplation of the LEVITE'S CONJUGINE. I shall follow Sterne's order.

“ — Then shame and grief go with her, and wherever she seeks a shelter, may the hand of justice shut the door against her.” *

What husband would not have said—She is gone, let shame and grief go with her; I shall find one no less pleasing, and more faithful.†

“ Our annotators tell us, that in Jewish *æconomicks*, these (concubines) differed little from the wife, except in some outward ceremonies and stipulations, but agreed with her in all the true essences of marriage.” ‡

The law of God, says the Bishop, allowed the Levite a wife; human connivance a concubine; neither did the Jewish concubine differ from a wife, but in some outward compliments; both might challenge all the true essence of marriage.

* Sterne, Sermon xviii.

† Bp. Hall's Works, p. 1017.

‡ Sterné loc. citat.

OF STERNE.

I shall omit the greater part of
Levite's soliloquy, in Sterne, and only
take the last sentences.

"Mercy well becomes the heart of all
thy creatures, but most of thy servant, a
Levite, who offers up so many daily
sacrifices to thee, for the transgressions
of thy people."

— "But to little purpose," he would
add, "have I served at thy altar, where
my business was to sue for mercy, had
I not learn'd to practise it."

*Mercy, says Bishop Hall, becomes well
the heart of any man, but most of a Levite.
He that had helped to offer so many sacri-
fices to God for the multitude of every
Israelite's sins, saw how proportionable it
was, that man should not hold one sin un-
pardonable. He had served at the altar to
no purpose, if he (whose trade was to sue for
mercy) had not at all learned to practise it.*

It were needless to pursue the parallel.

Sterne's twelfth Sermon, on the For-
giveness of Injuries, is merely a dilated

commentary on the beautiful conclusion of the *Contemplation* 'of Joseph.'

The sixteenth Sermon contains a more striking imitation. "There is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill-will;—a word, a look, which, at one time, would make no impression,—at another time, wounds the heart; and like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at."

This is little varied from the original: *There is no small cruelty in the picking out of a time for mischief; that word would scarce gill at one season, which at another killeth. The same shaft flying with the wind pierces deep, which against it, can hardly find strength to stick upright.**

In Sterne's fifth Sermon, the *Contemplation* of 'Elijah with the Sareptan,' is

* Hall's Shimei Cursing.

closely followed. Witness this passage out of others: "The prophet follows the call of his God:—the same hand which brought him to the gate of the city, had led also the poor widow out of her doors, oppressed with sorrow."*

The prophet follows the call of his God; the same hand that brought him to the gate of Sarepta, led also this poor widow out of her doors.†

The succeeding passages which correspond, are too long for insertion.

Sterne has acknowledged his acquaintance with this book, by the disingenuity of two ludicrous quotations in *Tristram Shandy*.‡

The use which Sterne made of Burton and Hall, and his great familiarity with their works, had considerable influence on his style; it was rendered, by assimilation with their's, more easy, more natural, and more expressive. Every

* Sterne.

† Bishop Hall, p. 1323.

‡ Vol. i. chap. xxii. and vol. vii. chap. xiii.

writer of taste and feeling must indeed be invigorated, by drinking at the "well of English undefiled;" but like the Fountain of Youth, celebrated in the old romances, its waters generally elude the utmost efforts of those who strive to appropriate them.

CHAPTER V.

*Of the personages of Tristram Shandy.
Anecdotes of Doctor Slop.*

THERE are some peculiarities in the principal characters of Tristram Shandy, which render it probable that Sterne copied them from real life. My enquiries at York have thrown no light on this subject, excepting what regards the personage of Doctor Slop. From some publications which accidentally fell into my hands, I had formed a conjecture, which Dr. Belcomb assures me is supported by tradition, that under this title, Sterne meant to satirize Dr. JOHN BURTON, of York.

Dr. Burton's treatise on midwifery, which was published in 1751, agrees in
VOL. I. I

many respects with the work ascribed to Dr. Slop. It is distinguished by that zeal for the horrible mechanism of the art, which was carried to an excess at that period: the *tire tete*, the then newly invented forceps, and other instruments of torture and misery, appear in his sculptures; and the whole composition is calculated to produce, in unprofessional readers, mingled sensations of ridicule and disgust.

The squabble between Dr. Burton and Dr. Smellie is clearly referred to, in *Tristram Shandy*, vol. ii. p. 119. Smellie, who was an ignorant man, mistook the head-piece of a print, in a collection of obstetrical works, for the name of an author, and quoted* *Lithopædus Senonensis* with much gravity.

* "The seventeenth author, collected, as you tell us, by *Spachius*, is *Lithopædus Senonensis*, which instead of being an author, is only the drawing of a petrified child, when taken from its mother, after she was opened; and this is evident from the title, *Lithopædii Senonensis Icon*, which, with the explanation, is contained in one single page only."

Burton's Letter to Smellie, p. 21.

Dr. Burton wrote a treatise, also, on the Non-Naturals, which provoked a sneer from Sterne.*

Neither of these works would afford extracts capable of interesting, even medical readers, at the present time. But I am in possession of two pamphlets, relating to this author, which place his character in a different point of view, and which, perhaps, had some share in exciting the severity of Sterne.

By the first of these, which was published at York, in 1749, by Dr. Burton himself, it appears that he had been a zealous Jacobite; and that, in 1745, he was committed to the castle of York, on suspicion of high treason. Dr. Sterne, then Archdeacon of Cleveland, was one of the magistrates who committed him,

* Tris. Shandy, vol. i. chap. 23.—“Why the most natural actions of a man’s life should be called his non-naturals, is another question.” See Burton, page 39. The solution might be easily given, if it were worth repeating. Dr. Burton of York published a book on this subject, which is here alluded to.

of whom he speaks with singular asperity, though his own conduct appears to have been very suspicious.

It seems, from his own account, that when the rebel army was advancing towards Lancashire, in 1745, Dr. Burton was seen with a party of them at Hornby. He accounts for this, by asserting that he was with them as a prisoner; but as he had left York, apparently to throw himself in their way, and as he returned unmolested, it cannot be surprizing that, in such a fearful and anxious time, he should be thrown into confinement. Dr. Burton, however, imputes his arrest to animosities, excited by his activity, in a contested election for the county, and labours to persuade the reader, that British liberty was endangered by his detention. Perhaps a specimen of Dr. Slop's style may not be unacceptable.

“ On December the 3d, Dr. Sterne published a paragraph in one of the newspapers, which was reprinted in the *London Evening Post*, and is as

“ follows, viz. on Saturday last Dr. Bur-
“ ton was committed to York castle by
“ the Recorder and Dr. Sterne, as Justices
“ for the West Riding of this county.
“ It appearing from his own confession
“ that he went to Hornby, knowing the
“ Rebels were there, and upon a sup-
“ position that the Duke of Perth was
“ there, wrote a letter to him which
“ being opened by Lord Eleho he was
“ sent for up by two Highlanders to the
“ castle, and as he says carried along
“ with them as a prisoner to Lancaster,
“ where he conversed with Lord George
“ Murray and a person called his royal
“ highness Prince Charles. There was
“ the greatest satisfaction expressed at his
“ commitment from the highest to the
“ lowest person in the city, that has been
“ known here upon any occasion.” In
“ my remarks upon this paragraph I
“ shall consider it under three articles.

“ First, as to my being committed for
“ matters of high treason, as mentioned

“ on the back of the warrant of detainer.

“ Secondly, as to confessing I had
“ been with the Rebels ; and

“ Thirdly, as to the great rejoicings
“ among all degrees of people of all
“ parties.

“ First, that I was not committed for
“ high treason, I need bring no other
“ proof than the commitment itself
“ wherein it was only said “ I was a
“ suspicious person to his Majesty’s
“ government.” Dr. Sterne also wrote
“ several letters to his acquaintance,
“ wherein he said I was committed for
“ high treason, I can mention some to
“ whom they were wrote, and others to
“ whom they were shown. Dr. Sterne
“ also told a gentleman who was at his
“ home, that had I a thousand lives, he
“ (S——n) had as much treason there
“ (pointing to a table whereon lay a
“ heap of papers) as would take them
“ all.

“ There are two ways to come at the

"truth in treasonable practices, the one
 "is by positive proof, (which in case of
 "high treason is absolutely required), or
 "by the party accused own confession.
 "Now it is evident neither of these ap-
 "peared - against me, notwithstanding
 "one of the most malicious and strict
 "scrutinies that party rage could suggest.
 "S——n here brings a heavy charge
 "upon himself, for had he such proofs
 "of my being guilty of high treason (as
 "he declared to Mr. B——d) why did
 "he not produce them? and any one
 "who has proof of another's being
 "guilty of high treason, and conceals
 "it, falls under the heavy penalty of
 "mis-prision of treason, so that he is
 "under that dilemma of being guilty of
 "spreading the greatest falsehood, or of
 "mis-prision of treason. . . .

"I shall now proceed to the second
 "article, and shew how he has mis-
 "represented things by asserting that I
 "confessed I had been with the Re-

"bels. S——n would intimate to the
 "world that I had confessed I had been
 "with the Rebels to join aid and assist
 "them, I'll appeal to every man's own
 "breast, whether he would not absolutely
 "take it in that light from S——'s man-
 "ner of expressing himself.

"I must observe to this upright man,
 "that in every confession (for so he was
 "pleased to call the account of what
 "befel me as above) the sense and mean-
 "ing of the whole must be taken toge-
 "ther. It is not our business to pick
 "out a part of a sentence, or a few
 "words, and apply them to what pur-
 "pose we please, for by that method I
 "could bring words to prove from the
 "New Testament that Dr. S——n ought
 "to be hanged here and damned here-
 "after. As D. S——n had undertook
 "to tell a part as truth, he should have
 "told the truth and nothing but the
 "truth, he should have told the legality
 "of my call into that neighbourhood

"where I was taken prisoner; and the
 "necessity of my going there, &c., and
 "then, he would not have been to blame:
 "I come now to the conclusion of this
 "ever memorable paragraph where S——n
 "says that on this occasion, meaning
 "my commitment, there was the greatest
 "rejoicings by all degrees of people of
 "all parties ever known upon any occas
 "sion.
 "Here again S——n has mis-repre
 "sented the truth as was evident to all
 "the inhabitants of the city of York and
 "neighbourhood, nay, his own printer's
 "journeyman, or servant, whose bread
 "depended upon S——n, was so con
 "scious to himself, that every person
 "who were then acquainted with me
 "must know that part of the paragraph
 "to be false, and therefore begged leave
 "to omit it, but S——n ordered him to
 "print it as he had wrote it.

"How I became then so popular is
 "properer for another pen to shew than

“mine, but that these very persecutors
 “knew it is evident, for when it would
 “serve their turn to distress me in any
 “shape, then my popularity was always
 “urged as an argument against me, and
 “as such was made use of in the very
 “best opportunity they had of shewing
 “their tender regard for me, I mean
 “when went I to London. This argu-
 “ment was then pushed as a reason for
 “the necessity of having a guard of sol-
 “diers along with me to London, and
 “for putting me into irons, though at
 “that very time I had the gout in both
 “feet, both knees, and in my right
 “hand, unable to move without the
 “assistance of two persons, but of this
 “more in its proper place. Had D.
 “S——n said that he and his partizans
 “were exceedingly rejoiced, I dare say
 “he would have been credited for once
 “in his life, without bringing vouchers
 “to prove it. *What say you to this?*
 “His being author of this paragraph

“as well as of that of the 17th of the
“same month, and that on the 7th of
“January following ill became him,
“considering him in any light or capa-
“city, and even in point of prudence
“and policy too.”

As the person treated with so much roughness was Sterne's Uncle, it may be naturally supposed, that Dr. Burton's invectives would make an unfavourable impression on his relations, and might give rise to the caricature of Dr. Slop. Why the Doctor's Jacobitical principles were not satirized, may be readily explained from Sterne's short Memoirs of himself. He says, that his Uncle was a violent party-man, and that after living together on the most friendly terms, he quarrelled with our author, because he detested party-violence, and refused to write political paragraphs for his Uncle in the York paper. The sanguinary, and boundless resentments of that period were wholly unsuited to the delicacy of

the author's feelings. He has therefore imputed no other political distinction to Dr. Slop, than the very pardonable one arising from being a Catholic.

Dr. Burton was discharged, without being brought to trial, after a confinement of some weeks, in the house of a messenger, in London.

After this tragedy, I must introduce the Doctor in a farce. In the year 1754, he had an affray with one of the aldermen of York, at an entertainment in the Mansion-house, and was turned out of the room with very significant marks of disapprobation. My knowledge of this affair is entirely derived from the alderman's pamphlet, which is entitled, "An Account of what passed between " Mr. George Thompson, of York, and " Dr. John Burton of that City, Physician and Man-Midwife, at Mr. Sheriff " Jubbs' Entertainment, and the Con- " sequences thereon." It is dated, 1756. The scuffle was occasioned by Dr. Bur-

ton's refusal to drink one of the loyal toasts of the day.

Whoever creates himself political enemies, must expect to see his faults and imperfections displayed in the strongest light. Mr. Thompson, accordingly, enters into his antagonist's private history.

"Then as to the Doctor's modesty,
"there is no passing by one instance of
"it, where he tells you (page 14) that
"he qualified himself to act, towards
"redressing the heavy complaints, which
"there had been of the hardships and
"practices of some persons in the com-
"mission of the land-tax. What notable
"redressments this great patriot-personage
"made he does not indeed specify, but
"however he might settle the national
"concerns under his administration, or
"whether he neglected his private for
"the public affairs, there is no saying,
"but he himself broke for upwards of
"five thousand pounds, and paid ten
"shillings in the pound, so that having

“ nothing left but his wife’s fortune,
“ which they could not touch, his boast-
“ ed qualification for acting in the com-
“ mission, must not have had a very
“ deep bottom, whether his composition
“ preceded or followed his taking it up :
“ nor should I in truth have touched, at
“ any rate, upon his circumstances, but
“ to justify my suspicion of his having
“ had the law-charges of his most ini-
“ quitous cause, or rather causelessness,
“ against me, defrayed by the subscrip-
“ tion of his party, which I hope for
“ his own sake is true. Nay, I have
“ the charity to wish him success in the
“ subscription he has been for some time
“ soliciting, for his ECCLESIASTICAL HIS-
“ TORY of YORKSHIRE, in two volumes
“ in folio, not only as it may be of a
“ pecuniary importance to himself, but
“ as the work itself may be an useful
“ repertorium hereafter, in case of the
“ coming in of a Roman Catholic power
“ to resume the Church and Abbey lands

"out of the hands of the present possessors, not forgetting to make them accountable for wastes and dilapidations." The particular details of the personal contest would be uninteresting, as no pugilistic skill was displayed on either side. Mr. Thompson subsequently complained that his loyalty was ill-rewarded, and that,

"His thankless country left him to its laws."

There is a passage in a prose essay, by Mr. Hall Stevenson, which seems to imply that the characters of Uncle Toby, and the Widow Wadman, had real prototypes: it is contained in the "Sentimental Dialogue between Two Souls," which may be seen in the last edition of Mr. H. Stevenson's works. I beg to be excused from quoting the anecdote, to which I refer. If my conjecture be just, the public will not have much reason to regret their ignorance of the parties.

It is impossible to quit this subject,

without remarking, once more, † what a waste of talents is occasioned by temporary satire. We know hardly any thing of Sterne's objects; those of Rabelais are merely matters of conjecture; the authors satirized by Boileau are only known by his censures; and the heroes of the Dunciad are indebted to Pope for their preservation. Flecknoe's poems, which I have had in my hands, would not now obtain a single reader, but for Dryden's immortal satire. Avellaneda's second part of Don Quixote has been embalmed by the criticisms of Cervantes. Why will men of genius condescend to record their resentment against block-heads? Why cannot they say to an opponent,

Ignotus pereas, miser, necesse est? ‡

* See Dr. Warton's notes on the Dunciad.

† In a copy of verses, addressed to Dr. Barton, on occasion of his pamphlet against Dr. Sterne, I find the following lines:

Whether in physic thou once more engage,
And with new thefts stuff thy Non-sensical page,
Or on new subjects meditate new books,
To plague the town, and glad the pastry-cooks,

Howe'er employ'd, in these, or nobler schemes,
 Of politics, or thy late golden dreams
 Of revolutions in the state and laws,
 And re-instatement of the good old cause,
 Oh lend thine ears! (those ears so justly due
 To Ketch's hands, and worn on Tick by you,
 While in few words, this plain advice I give,
 With some amendment seem at least to live,
 E'er thou lash others, lest some sneering Elf
 Justly retort, " Dear ——— cure thyself.

" Should'st thou, proud, restless, insolent and bold,

" Flagrant for ev'ry crime thy book has told,

" Whose factious schemes no laws but fear restrain,

" Of liberty and laws infing'd complain;

" Should'st thou of vilest arts thy foes accuse,

" And on surmise in blackest terms abuse,

" Who hackney'd in thy party's darkest scenes,

" To gain thy ends, ne'er spar'd the vilest means?

" Should'st thou usurp a patriot's sacred name,

" And for thy country's liberty declaim,

" Who ev'ry help thy fear would let thee, gave

" To foreign foes thy country to enslave.

" Be dumb thou, wretch, and let thy actions iye

" Forgot, and like thy works for ever die!"

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Shandy's hypothesis of noses explained—Taliacotius—Stories of long noses—Coincidence between Vigneul-Marville and Lavater—Opinions of Garmann—Riolan—Beddoes—Segar's point of honour concerning the nose.

BY the labours of those who cultivate the philosophy of the East, we learn, that there exists an order of sages,* who reckon it the perfection of wisdom, to pass their lives in silently contemplating the point of the nose. The philosophy

* The *Yogey*s. See *Sketches relating to the History of the Hindoos*.

Tho' the priesthood of *Fo* on the vulgar impose
By squinting whole years at the end of their nose.

CAMBRIDGE.

of noses has not remained unnoticed in Europe, but it has never been generally pursued, either from an apprehension of the obliquity which it occasions in the Indian students, or because the science does not lead to the same degree of power and consequence among us, as in Asia.

The doctrine of noses was too common in Sterne's favourite writers, to be overlooked by him; but there is a cause of perplexity in his allusions, which must be explained to an English reader.

Some languages, particularly the Latin, the French, and Italian, abound in figurative expressions respecting the understanding and manners, which refer to the nose. We have few expressions parallel to these in English; and every attempt to engraft such topics of raillery upon our language is necessarily attended with obscurity.

The Greeks, delicate to excess in whatever regarded the proportions of the

body, attached great ridicule to noses of immoderate length. The Anthology contains several epigrams on this subject, which Pope might have quoted as examples of *hyperbole*. Such is the epigram on Proclus;

Οὐ δύναται τῇ χειρὶ Πρόκλῳ τὴν ῥῖν' ἀπομάσσειν, &c.

His vast proboscis Proclus never blows;
His hand too small to grasp his salient nose.
If, when he sneezes, Proclus should refrain
To cry, 'Jove bless me,' think him not profane;
For his own sneeze in time he cannot hear,
So distant either nostril from his ear.

Another epigram, written in the same taste, demands respect, because it was the production of the Emperor Trajan :

Αὐτίον ἥελις, &c.*

Turn your nose to the sun, and gape wide for a trial;
Your neighbours will find you an excellent dial.

A very different sentiment prevailed among the Hebrews, respecting large noses; they were considered as indicating

* Anthologia, tom. i. p. 412.

prudence and long-suffering.—I must here transcribe from Camerarius: *Atque hoc quidem epitheton inter cætera Deus sibi arrogat, qui Mosen alloquens, [Exod. 34.] proprietatibus decem hanc adjicit, אַנַּחְנִי id est, MAGNO NASO, ut Hispanica editio Complutensis, et recentior Antverpiensis, ad verbum exprimunt, et aliis quoque Bibliorum locis Deus ita vocatur, quod omnes interpretes exponunt patientem, ut contra à brevi naso Hebræi promptum ad iram vel iracundum interpretantur.**

As the nose furnishes the principal expression of derision in the countenance, several words and phrases in the Greek and Latin languages bear a reference to it, in denoting raillery or contempt. But it is sometimes assumed as the type of judgment and acuteness. *Ipsè denique Nasus*, says Erasmus, *in proverbium abiit, pro judicio. Horat. Non quia nullus illis nasus erat.†*

* Horæ Subcisivæ, tom. i. p. 253. In p. 249, *Nasus Domini* is mentioned as a figure for Anger.

† Adagia, p. 348.

Another phrase is not very refined in its origin; though it denotes acuteness and even polish:

*Emunctæ naribus dures componere verba.**

Martial has an epigram which cannot be translated into English, (though somewhat applicable to this book), on account of his adherence to this figure;

Nasutus sis usque licet, sis denique nasus,
Quantum noluerit ferre rogatus Atlas,
Et possis ipsum tu deridere Latinum,
Non potes in nugas dicere plura meas,
Ipse ego quam dixi:—————†

And in another place he employs a strong figure, equally intractable in English, to denote the early critical abilities of the Roman youth:

Et pueri nasum rhinocerotis habent.‡

In the French and Italian languages, such allusions are very common. I take

* Horat.

† Epigrammat. lib. xlii. epigr. 2.

‡ Lib. i. epigr. 4.

the following remarks from the *Nasea* of Aretine, a writer whom Burton has quoted lavishly (from the Latin translation of Barthius) in some of the chapters on Love-Melancholy, where he seems to have unbended himself so completely. The frequent references to this author, in a book which seems to have been perpetually in Sterne's hands, would probably induce him to read the original.

The author of the *Nasea*, after magnifying his correspondent's nose, says, "in somma egli é quel naso, che sendo veramente Re de' nasi, v' ha degnamente fatto Re de gli huomini, come voi sete; & tanto maggior Re, quanto egli é maggior naso, & piu magnifico, & piu onnipotente de gli altri. Laqual cosa procedendo per via di ragione si puo per diversi modi provare; ma primamente le proveremo per l' autoritá de' Persi, i quali dopó la morte di Ciro, (che secondo si scrive si trovó un bel pezzo di naso) giu-

dicarono che nessuno huomo potesse esser ne bello, nè degno di regnare, che non si trovasse così nasuto, come fu egli. Nel libro de Re trovo una postilla del Mazzagattone, con un tratto del Zucca, che Nabuccodenasor hebbe quel Regno, & quel nome, perche hebbe gran bocca, & gran naso. Sopra che si fonda l'opposizione d' un mio compagno, quale é, che CARLO V. sia hoggi si grande Imperadore, perche si trova si gran bocca: & che FRANCESCO Re di Francia sia si gran Re, perche ha si gran naso: & che si non fosse, che 'l naso del Re contrasta con la bocca dell' Imperadore; & la bocca dell' Imperadore col naso del Re, ciasc uno d' essi (mercé di quella bocca, o di quel naso) sarebbe Signor di tutto il mondo: Dove per il pari, o poco differente contrapeso, di pari o poco differentemente contendono della somma dell' Imperio. Et dicemi che 'l Re non per altro fu prigionie sotto Pavia, se non perche in quel tempo la Maesta del suo

naso, si trovava impaniata di certi piastrelli,* per un certo male del suo paese, et che la bocca dell' Imperadore era sana, et senza impedimento. Nel passaggio poi di sua Maesta Ces. in Provenza, che 'l naso del Re. era sano, et la bocca dell' Imperadore per carestia di vettovaglia si trovó mal pasciuta, ognun sa come la bisogna andasse. Maper tornare al naso, io voglio dire alla Maesta V. un gran segreto, che tutti i pedanti lo cercano, et non l' hanno ancor trovato; che Ovidio Nasone non fu per altro confinato, se non perché Augusto dubitò che quel suo gran naso non li togliesse l' Imperio; et mandollo in esiglio tra quelle nevi et quei ghiacci della Moscovia, perche li si seccasse il naso di freddo. L' Aquila perche credete voi che sia Regina de gli uccegli, se non perche si truova quel naso cosi grifagno? L' Elefante perche é egli piu ingenioso

* Piccioli emplastri.

de gli altri animali, sc. non perche ha quel grugno cosi lungo? Il Rinocerote: per qual cagione é tanto temuto da vitiosi se non perche l' ha cosi duro? In somma un naso straordinario potta sempre seco straordinaria maggioranza: et non senza ragione. Percio che io ho trovato, che 'l naso é la sede della Maestá & dell' honore dell' huomo: et per conseguenza chi maggior l' ha, piu honorato debbe essere. Donde si dice, Tu mi dai del naso, id est, tu me tocchi nell' honore.*

"In a word, it is such, that being truly the king of noses, it has justly rendered you the king of men; and so much a greater king, as it is the greatest, the most magnificent, and most powerful of noses, which may be proved in two different ways; but particularly by the authority of the Persians, who after the death of Cyrus (a prince, according to authors, excellently provided with a nose)

* Page 532, 3, 4. I quote from the scarce Elzevir edition.

esteemed no man beautiful, nor worthy to reign, unless he had a nose of like size. In the book of Kings is a note by Mazzagattone,* with a jest by Zucca,† that Nabuccodenasor had his kingdom and his name from his great mouth and his large nose. Upon which a friend of mine has founded an opinion, that Charles V. is at present so great an emperor, because he has so large a mouth; and that Francis king of France is so great a king, because he has so large a nose; and that if it had not happened that the king's nose counteracted the emperor's mouth, and the emperor's mouth the king's nose, one of them (by virtue of the mouth or the nose), would have been master of the whole world: whence it follows, that balancing each other, they contend for the sovereignty with nearly equal fortune. And he tells me, that the king was taken

* Scaretrow..

† Gourd; he had "a gourd for his head," I suppose.

prisoner at Pavia, only because at that time the majesty of his nose was degraded, by some outward applications on account of the country-disease, while the emperor's mouth was healthy and unimpaired. In the emperor's invasion of Provence, the king's nose being healed, and the emperor's mouth being injured by want of provisions, every one knows how the affair terminated. But to return to noses in general, I will tell your majesty a great secret, which all the pedants have tried without success to discover: that Ovid (Naso), was banished for no other reason, than that Augustus feared that his great nose might carry off the empire from him: and he sent Ovid into exile among the snows and ice of Russia, that his nose might be shrivelled with cold. Why, think you, is the eagle the queen of birds, but because of her prominent beak? Why is the elephant the wisest of animals, but because he has so long a

trunk? Why is the rhinoceros so much dreaded by the vicious,* but because his horn is so hard? In fine, an extraordinary nose always carries with it extraordinary greatness; and not without reason. For I have found that the nose is the seat of majesty and honour in man; and consequently whoever has it largest ought to be most honoured." The next passages relate to Italian proverbs taken from this figure, which hardly admit translation, or to a view of the subject from which I totally abstain.

An account follows of the expression of the passions depending on the nose, and of the different kinds of noses: every thing that might have been expected from Sterne's *Slawkenbergius*, the idea of which was perhaps inspired by this very treatise. "Beato voi, says the author in another place,† che vi portate

* In translating an author full of extravagant and far-fetched conceits, of the 16th century, the meaning sometimes unavoidably escapes us.

† Page 549.

in faccia la meraviglia, & la consolatione di chiunque vi mira. Ognuno strabilia che lo vede: ognuno stupisce che lo sente: a tutti da riso; a tutti desiderio. Tutti i Poeti ne cantano: tutti i prosatori ne scrivono; tutti coloro che hanno favella ne ragio nano: — — — — Qui dopo che voi sete partito s' é fatto piu fracasso di questo vostro naso, che della gita del Papa a Nizza, et del passaggio che prepara il gran Turco; tanto che mi par diventato la tromba della fama, che da ognuno é sonata, et da ognuno é sentita." I confess that all these circumstances, of the "wonder which he carries in his face; of the astonishment and interest with which every one regards him; of the employment which his appearance furnishes to all the writers and talkers; of the noise which is occasioned by his wonderful nose after his departure, which overpowers the reports of the residence of the Pope at Nice, or the invasion meditated by the grand Turk; and of its resemblance to the trumpet of fame,

which is sounded and felt by every one; these, with many other allusions and incidents in this author, remind me of the stranger at the gates of Strasburgh, in Slawkenbergius's tale. Sterne has shewed, on many occasions, how well he could improve upon slight hints.

In the third volume of Bouchet, the subject of noses is briefly mentioned; the passage follows:—Ceste chaleur fait aussi, adjousta-il encores, que les Mores sont fort camus, et diriez qu'on leur a coupé le nez sur le billot: cela procédant de la grande chaleur, qui ne permet pas que les os et les cartilages croissent beaucoup, comme venans d'une matière inutile et vacante: les petits enfans le confirment bien, lesquels estans chauds, sont camus, ayans en leur jeunesse le nez fort court. Et si faut noter que les Mores, et tous ceux qui sont camus, sont voleres: & qu'au contraire, les grands nez sont plus patiens & prudents, et qu'en la Bible quand on dit

que quelqu' un à grand nez, les interpretes tournent patient: ce qui demontre qu' en la physionomie y. à quelque divination de complexion.*

There is a writer who deserved a higher place in Mr. Shandy's library, than any of those whom Sterne has ventured to mention; and he was the more entitled to notice, because his fame has been unjustly and unaccountably eclipsed. I allude to Gaspar Tagliacozzi, or, according to the pedantic fashion of the times, Taliacotius, a professor at Bologna, who outstripped his contemporaries too far, to gain the honour and the confidence due to his discoveries. He had indeed the misfortune of being too learned for his time, in D' Alembert's phrase; *trop instruit pour son siecle*. The first part of his book *De Curtorum Chirurgia*, however, was sufficiently accommodated to the prevailing taste. It contains several chapters on the dignity of

* Bouchet, tom. iii. p. 110, 11.

the face and its different features; the fifth and sixth chapters are bestowed upon the nose, and contain philosophy enough to have satiated Mr. Shandy himself.

There is a very curious speculation in the chapter on the Dignity of the Face, medically considered, which the learned reader will not be displeased to see, and which, I hope, he will keep to himself. “*Agam saltem id, ut perspecto situ membrorum genitalium, quanta ratio habita fuerit excellentiæ faciei atque nobilitatis, quodque membra hæc justissimo architecti consilio, non exiguo interstitio inter se dirempta sint, exacte cognoscamus. Nam cum cerebri sit propago quædam facies, ad quam sensuum omnium organa deflectant, quo in loco animæ virtus divinas suas vires exerat, quid inconvenientius fuisset, & protoplasta indignius, quam membra illa pecuina et abjecta, cum partibus adeo nobilibus et divinis confundere? Hoc enim dominum esset cum mancipio eodem loco ponere. Nam-*

que munia sensuum turbaret talis constitutio, mentis aciem obtunderet, & rationis imperium everteret. Innata enim hominibus cupiditas, levi etiam de causa instigata, ac indomita bestia multoties in rectorem suum insilliret, & habenis excussis, de sede sua eum dejiceret. Non dicam quantum obfuturum sit decori & venustati. quantaque loci fuerit iniquitas, & laboris dispendium, si omnino membra illa eo locari debuissent. Quare ea procul hinc abrepta, natura sapiens discrevit, & faciem alta in sede & conspicua collocari, membra vero genitalia, instar vile pecus in stabula, locum vilem, & depressum detrudi jussit.*

In the fifth chapter, which treats of the dignity of noses, we meet with a laboured description of the deformity resulting from the mutilation of this

* It is extremely curious, that the famous Madlle de Bourignon has actually supposed the noses of the first Pair, before their transgression, to have been constituted in the manner which Tahacotius has so eloquently described. See Bayle.

important feature. When the nose is cut off, we are told, “ *that the gulphs and recesses of the inward parts are disclosed ; vast vacuities open, and caverns dark as the cave of Trophonius ; to the dismay and terror of the beholders.** ”

“ There is besides,” says Taliacotius, “ something august and regal in the nose, either because it is the sign of corporeal beauty and mental perfection, or because it denotes some peculiar aptness and wisdom in governing. So the Persians admire an aquiline nose in their king : so in the Old Testament, those who had too small, or too large, or a distorted nose, were excluded from the priesthood, and the sacrifices. Such is the dignity attributed to the nose, that those who are deprived of it are not admitted to the functions of government : ” which he

* Etenim narium apice abscisso, panduntur sinus & partium internarum recessus, vasti patent hiatus, & cavernæ, instar antri Trophonii obscuræ ; horrendum certe & abominandum aspicientibus spectaculum,

Lib. i. chap. a.

confirms by *historical examples*, from the dismal narratives of Josephus. "The nose, therefore, is of such estimation," he concludes, "that upon the beauty and configuration thereof depend the highest ecclesiastical dignities, the noblest governments, and the most extensive kingdoms.* Besides, the nose chiefly distinguishes one individual from another; wherefore Æneas could hardly recognize Deïphobus, when he encountered him in the shades without his nose," which he had lost, like many of Talia-cotius's friends, by means of his Helen; as Cassandra complains in Seneca;

—incertos geris
Deïphobe vultus, conjugis munus novæ.

He then shews, that the threat of cutting off the noses and ears of sinners

* Nasus ergo tantæ est estimationis, ut ex ejus decore, ornatuque, summa Sacerdotia, amplissima imperia, et regna latissima pendere videantur.

Ibid.

is used in scripture, to denote the utmost degree of desolation and infamy, and he touches slightly on the doctrine of the Pythagoreans respecting the nose; that nature has expressed in the formation of this feature, the *Monade* and the *Dyade*, by connecting the two nostrils by a common bridge; an observation from which those pompous triflers draw fantastical ideas of the power of certain numbers. We are next told, that the Egyptians used the nose as a hieroglyphic to signify a wise man; after which follow the Latin phrases, which depend on this figure. The chapter is concluded by the physiognomonic doctrine of the nose, on which Mr. Lavater has left nothing unsaid.

The obscurity under which Taliacotius's brilliant discoveries on the union of living parts have remained, is not more remarkable than its cause: it was occasioned by the jest of a Dutchman. The contemptible story which Butler has versi-

fied, in his well known lines, was forged by Van Helmont, and obtained such currency through Europe, that even the testimony of Ambrose Paré in favour of Taliacotius was disregarded.*

The real process employed by this great man, in supplying deficient or mutilated parts, consisted in taking the additional substance from the patient's own arm. That his attempts were successful, we have ample testimony in the writings of Paré and other surgeons, though his method seems not to have been adopted by any of them. I shall try to give the reader a general idea of this curious operation, with the view of rescuing the memory of a man of genius from the most galling of evils, the successful misrepresentations of stupid malignity.

* So completely unfounded is Van Helmont's story, that Taliacotius (lib. i. chap. xviii.) has considered the question formally, whether the supplementary part ought to be taken from the patient himself, or from another person, and has decided for the former.

When the mutilation of the nose was to be repaired, the artist fixed on a sufficient portion of skin on the inside of the arm, about half way between the shoulder and the elbow. This was pinched up with a pair of blunt forceps, and separated on three sides from the other integuments, and from the muscles beneath, so as to form an oblong slip, remaining connected at one end to the rest of the skin, which Taliacotius calls the *root* of the slip. The edges of the nasal stump were afterwards pared with a scalpel, and the edge of the new slip was attached to them by sutures ;* the arm being bound up to the face and head, by a curious apparatus, which my author has elaborately described. The parts were now suffered to unite. In the course of a fortnight the adhesion

* This part of the operation was delayed, till the first inflammatory symptoms in the arm, occasioned by the excision of the slip, had subsided. If the operation should ever be revived, this cruel and unnecessary interruption would certainly be avoided.

became so strong, that the engrafted part would bear the experiment of being pulled and flipped. “*Licebit tunc experiri rem, et traducem jam infixum non leviter concutere, qui cum validiori nexu cum naribus conjunctus sit, omnem motus tunc violentiam egregie sustinet.*”^{*} It was then time to separate the new part from its attachment to the arm, which was performed by dividing the root of the slip. Nothing then remained but to cut the point of the nose into proper form; for which Taliacotius has given a mathematical rule, and to keep the artificial nostrils open, by means of tents, till the cure was completed.

If we attentively consider this method of retrieving a deplorable misfortune, which was a frequent consequence of the gallantries of that time, it must be allowed that the artist who invented, and who singly practised it, possessed uncommon professional merit. But when

* Taliacot. lib. ii. cap. xiii.

we reflect, that the display of facts, precisely similar, respecting the power of union in living parts, has conferred high celebrity on one of the most eminent physiologists of our own times, our respect for the author of the sixteenth century advances to admiration.* I have too high an opinion of the genius of the late Mr. HUNTER, to suppose that he was indebted to Taliacotius for his observations on this subject; I believe they were really discoveries to him; but there can be no doubt that he was anticipated by the Italian author. It is a disagreeable proof of the neglect of medical literature, that facts, so important to the theory and practice of the art, were so long obscured by silly and unpardonable prejudice.

If the general reader can tolerate my zeal in the cause of neglected merit, I would venture to observe, that Taliacotius came surprisingly near the present

* Taliacotius published his book in 1597.

theory of the manner in which the union of living parts is effected. Had the true doctrine of the circulation of the blood been discovered in his time, he would have been deficient in nothing. His only guide, embarrassed as he was with ancient errors, which he was forced to respect, was the vegetable process of engrafting. This analogy led him so far, that he supposed the veins of the newly united parts to coalesce, by mutual elongation. The arteries were then supposed to contain no blood. He says,*

“*Dicendum itaque est profecto vel novam vasorum sobolem denuo regenerari, vel conservatis iis, quæ cum brachio inhæreret [tradux], aderant, cutis ductibus et eorum oris, cum iis, quæ in curtis sunt, canaliculis commissis rursus coalescere; vel si neque hoc fiat, vasa illa in curtis existentia, hos novarum partium ductus excitare, et agendi vim tribuere.*” After considering, with great solidity of reason,

* Lib. i. cap. xxv.

ing, the supposition that new vessels were generated between the adherent parts (an idea which Mr. Hunter supported, to prove the life of the blood), he concludes in these words; "*Itaque tamen ea, quæ sunt in trādūce vasa, quam in stipite narium, conservata hactenus coise, et osculis adjunctis invicem coalescere, si quid ratio valet (nam hic oculi cæcutiunt) proculdubio affirmabimus.*"* The physiological reader only can appreciate the profound sagacity of this conclusion, in a writer who lived long before the discovery of the true course of the blood. If Taliacotius had exchanged places with Harvey, he would probably have made better use of that improvement, which Harvey contented himself with holding out to admiration.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood;
But now my oat proceeds.†

* Id. ib.

† Lycidas.

Several inconveniences attended the artificial noses engrafted by our author, which he has specified, and which could only be known from actual experience. It was necessary to make the new parts considerably larger than the original nose,* because in the course of a year or two, they became shrivelled with cold, and at the end of that time were even smaller than the ancient organs. The first severe frost after the operation was apt to discolour the nose, or even to turn it black, and sometimes to make it fall off: it was therefore to be preserved like a Russian's nose, in a cover. However, it was thought a less evil, to wear a nose rather too large and too long, for a few years, than to have no nose at all.† Another grievance was, that the new nose being taken from a part which is covered with longer down than the skin

* Lib. i. cap. xxiv. In quo restitutæ nares ex cutanea propagine, a naturalibus ante resectis differant.

† Ibid.

of the face, was apt to become very hairy, and even to require shaving.* The new nostrils were also liable to be contracted in their diameter by length of time, and when they were neglected, to be shut up entirely. But in return, the new nose possessed a more acute sense, both of touch and smelling, than its predecessor.† The reader must perceive what a resource was denied to Mr. Shandy, after the demolition of his son's nose, by Sterne's want of acquaintance with our author. To endow Tristram with a much larger and more sagacious nose, so careful a parent would have been tempted to amputate the little that Dr. Slop had spared.

Dr. Garmann has written a chapter on the sympathy of artificial noses,‡ in his

* Non raro præterea contingit, ut in novis naribus pili expullulent atque in eam longitudinem eluxurient, ut novaculam aliquando adhiberi necesse est. Idem, Ibid.

† Idem, Ibid.

‡ De Nasi insititii sympathia.

curious book *De Miraculis Mortuorum* ; he has stated, in this, the famous instance of Cyrus's nose very strongly. " Nasum aduncum prominentemque æstimabant Persæ, quod Cyrus TALI NASO ARMATUS regnum capesserit." * He denies Talia-cotius's claim to the invention of this operation, and mentions a remarkable passage in the letters of an earlier writer, announcing the discovery of his friend, who had lost his nose, and informing him that he may now be fitted with as large a nose as he chooses. " De hoc ista Caletinus in literis ad Orpianum muti-
tum : Branca Siculus, ingenio vir egregio, didicit nares inserere, quas vel de brachio reficit, vel de servis mutuatus impingit. Hæc ubi vidi decrevi ad te scribere, nihil existimans carius esse posse. Quod si veneris, scito, te domum cum grandi quamvis naso reditum esse.† Whether the practice was known in Bologna before

* Page 82.

† De Miraculis Mortuorum, p. 84.

Taliacotius, we have no accurate means of determining: we certainly have no earlier treatise on it than his. Licetus says, that he often saw Taliacotius operate, during his residence at Bologna as a student. If other surgeons had ventured on the same attempt,

———La città de la Saliccia fina *

would have been as much celebrated for its fabrication of noses, as for its sausages.

Fienus, a Lovain-Professor, and author of a well-known book on *the Power of the Imagination*, has given a very satisfactory account of the operation for the restitution of the nose, in his surgical tracts. He says, that he had frequently seen Taliacotius perform it, and that he had examined many noses which the artist had engrafted; among other disadvantages, he found that the artificial nose was apt to be too pliable, and to hang down like a turkey's. Fienus

* Tassoni.

thought it necessary that the new nose should be kept in a case, during at least two years.

If the reader wishes to consult any other authorities, concerning the reality of this operation, he will find a long list in that chapter of Dr. Garmann to which I have already referred.

It is said that a similar practice is known in Asia (where the point of the nose is an object of so much importance), and that the new part is supplied from the patient's own forehead.

But the chief merit of the discovery was undoubtedly due to Taliacotius, who requires, according to the ceremonies of his time, a compliment at parting.

Brave mind, which durst, like Diomede, engage
To check the Paphian Queen's most deadly rage,
The trifler's wonder, and the witling's jest,
Base tools of envy, long thy fame suppress ;
Tho' pagan Jove display'd no art so high,
In Pelop's shoulder, or the Samian's thigh ;
Tho' even the boast of Alchemy less bold,
To change imperfect ore to perfect gold :
Thy nobler thoughts approach'd creative skill,
Life, sense, and motion waiting on thy will.

The French writers, especially those of the sixteenth century, used the figures derived from the nose very liberally. *Etre camus*, signifies with them to appear surprised and abashed. Vigneul-Marville mentions a curious anecdote on this subject, which accords very closely with a passage in Sterne.

“ Les nés camus déplaisent, et sont de mauvaise augure. Le Connétable Anne de Montmorency étoit camus; et on l'appelloit à la cour, le camus de Montmorency. Le Duc de Guise, fils de celui qui fut tué à Blois, étoit aussi camus; et j'ai connu un gentilhomme qui ayant une vénération singulière pour ces deux maisons de Guise et de Montmorency, ne se pouvoit consoler de ce qu'il s'y étoit trouvé deux camus, comme si ce défaut en diminuoit le lustre.”*

“ He, (Mr. Shandy) would often declare, in speaking his thoughts upon the

* Tom. i. p. 140.

subject, that he did not conceive how the greatest family in England could stand it out against an uninterrupted succession of six or seven short noses."* This is a curious coincidence ; I pretend to call it no more.—But it must be added, that Marville's Miscellanies appear to have been much read, about the time when Sterne wrote.

I am inclined to doubt whether Sterne had read this author, because I find much philosophy concerning noses in his second volume, which might have been accommodated to Tristram. He observes, that every face, however ugly it may appear, possesses such a degree of symmetry, that the alteration of any feature would render it more deformed. "† For instance, if it were attempted to

* Tris. Shandy, vol. iii. chap. xxxiii.

† Par exemple, si l'on prétendoit alonger le nez d'un camus, je dis qu'on ne feroit rien qui vaille ; parceque ce nez étant alongé, il ne feroit plus simétrie avec les autres parties du visage, qui étant d'une certaine grandeur, et aiant de certaines elevations, ou de

lengthen the nose of a flat-nosed man, I should expect no improvement of his appearance; because this nose being lengthened, would no longer correspond with the other parts of the face, which being of a given size, and having their given elevations and depressions, require

certain enfoncemens, demandent que le nez leur soit proportionné. Ainsi selon des certaines règles très parfaites en elles-mêmes, un camus doit être camus; et selon ces règles c'est un visage regulier qui deviendrait un monstre si on lui faisoit le nez aquilin. Je dis bien plus, qu'il est quelquefois aussi necessaire qu'un homme n'ait point de nez, qu'il est necessaire dans l'ordre Toscan, par exemple, que le chapiteau de sa colon n'ait point de volute. C'est un bel ornement que la volute dans l'ordre Ionique ou dans le Corinthien, mais ce seroit un monstre et un irregularité dans l'ordre Toscan. Un petit nez, des petits yeux, une grande bouche qui nous choquent d'ordinaire, appartiennent à un ordre de beauté, qui peut bien n'être pas de notre goust; mais que nous ne devons pas condamner, parce qu'en effet c'est un ordre qui a ses regles, qu'il ne nous appartient pas de contredire. * * * * *

Que les François méprisent les nez camus et les petits yeux, et que les Chinois les estiment, ces sont des bizarreries et des extravagances de l'esprit humain, &c. Vigneul-Marville Melanges l'Histoire et de Littérature, 4om. ii. p. 164, 165.

a nose proportioned to them. Thus, according to certain rules, complete in themselves, a flat-nosed man ought to be flat-nosed, and, according to those rules, he has a regular face, which would become monstrous, if an aquiline nose were clapped upon it. I go farther, and I advance, that it is sometimes as necessary that a man should be without nose, as that in the Tuscan order, the capital of the column should have no volute. The volute is a beautiful ornament in the Ionic or Corinthian order, but in the Tuscan it would be a monster, and an irregularity. A short nose, small eyes, and a wide mouth, which commonly disgust us, belong to an order of beauty, which we may not admire, but which we ought not to condemn, because in effect it is an order which has its rules, that we have no business to contradict.

“ Let the French despise flat noses and little eyes, and the Chinese esteem them; these are the caprices and extravagancies

of the imagination. But upon our principles, it appears, that there may be as many different orders of beauty as of architecture."

This mode of reasoning would have been very useful to Uncle Toby. He might have proved, that there ought to be flat noses as well as flat bastions.

We meet with this peculiar phraseology again, in a passage in the *Memoirs of La Porte*. In mentioning a conversation with Anne of Austria respecting the views which he suspected Mademoiselle de Montpensier to entertain of a marriage with Louis XIV. he says, " Je dis tout cela à la Reine, qui se moqua de moi, me disant ; ce n'est pour son nez, quoiqu'il soit bien grand."*

Sterne's curious dilemma, by which a very large nose must fall off from the man, or the man must fall off from his nose, was anticipated by Tabarin, in

* *Memoirs de la Porte*, p. 275.

whose dialogues more is said on the subject of noses than I care to repeat. "O qu'il te feroit beau voir sur la Montagne de Montmartre, avec un nez de dix lieues de long, car on y void de fort loing. Il lui faudroit des fourches pour soustenir son nez." *

The French have lampooned long noses almost as much as the Greeks. Granger, in the *Pedant Joué*, is said to have a nose which always made its appearance a quarter of an hour before its owner; "cet autentique nez arrive partout un quart d'heure devant son maitre." And even D'Alembert, who united more good sense and good taste in his critical works than any other French writer, has published some curious details by d'Olivet concerning the nose of the Abbé Genest, which was the admiration of the courtiers, and the subject of royal wit.

"While the Abbé Genest was at Rome,

* Questions Tabariniques.

he often dined with Cardinal d'Estrées, who was fond of poets, and who had himself written well in his youth. One day, when his Eminence had a great deal of company, there was a person at table, who, having a very large nose, gave occasion to a man of humour,* one of the guests, to vent a number of witticisms, good or bad, on this monstrous nose, of which he pretended to be afraid. The Abbé Genest arrived, who merely looked in, and attempted to steal off, that he might not disturb the party: but the Cardinal recalled him, and desired him to take his seat. Then the *bel humoré* having considered this second apparition of a great nose, affected a greater degree of terror, and exclaimed to the Cardinal; *Eminentissimo, per un, si puo soffrire, ma per duo no*;† and

* Un *bel humoré*.

† May it please your eminence, I could bear one, but it is impossible to endure two.

throwing down his napkin, he disappeared with all speed."*

We read, also, of Despointis, a Parisian counsellor, whose nose was so immoderately long, that it attracted the notice of passengers in the street, who would turn and gaze at it, to the hazard of their lives. The shadow of this nose happened one day to fall on a very little counsellor, named *Coqueley*, and eclipsed him so totally, that the judge could not perceive him when it was his turn to plead. *Coqueley* remonstrated, like *Ragotin*, but with as little effect; Despointis would not yield his place. The little hero, exasperated beyond all patience, seized the point of his antagonist's nose, and turning it aside, according to the laws of the lever, said, you may stay where you are, but I am determined that your nose shall make room for me."†

* Histoire des Membres de l'Académie Française, tom. iii. p. 454.

† L'Heureux Chanoine. Paris, 1707.

I have *La Rinomachie* or the Battle of Noses, a French poem, as long as Bruscambille's Prologue, but it contains nothing worthy of attention.

In the beginning of the last century, a small treatise, entitled LE NEZ, was published at Cologne. The dedication is dated, 1717. I much doubt whether Sterne ever saw this book. It is a burlesque essay, merely intended to shew the author's reading and wit. He has not omitted the famous repartee of Guy Patin, which deserves a place here. "Mr. Patin
" plaida un jour au Parlement de Paris,
" pour la faculté de médecine, contre
" Mr. Renaudot, Docteur de Montpel-
" lier, qui prétendoit pratiquer à Paris
" comme s'il eut été aggregé au corps
" des Medecins de cette Capitale. Mr.
" Patin eut toute l'avantage, mais il con-
" sola sa partie en sortant de l'Audience :
" Monsieur, lui dit-il, vous avez gagné
" en perdant ; comment, donc repondit
" Mr. Renaudot ? C'est, répliqua Mr.
" Patin, que vous étiez camus quand

“ vous etes entré au Palais, et que vous
 “ en sortez avec un pied de Nez.”

There is little novelty in this jeu d'esprit, and the concluding chapter is written in a very bad taste.*

Great attention was paid to the form of the nose among the Roman Catholic clergy ; some of the disqualifications for priest's orders were, little noses, because they implied ignorance ; great noses, because the owner was supposed to be puffed up with pride (as he well might, according to the doctrines of which I have given a view) and wry-noses, because they implied a perverseness of understanding.†

The passage quoted above from Vigneul-Marville coincides with the opinions of Mr. Lavater, who has shewed himself a zealous champion for the consequence

* Entitled, *Sentimens sur les ecarts des quelques Auteurs, qui se sont oubliés jusqu'à vouloir être les Panegyristes du visage sans yeux et sans Nez.*

† Man of Sin, p. 76.

of the nose, and for homogeneity of features.

This very ingenious, but too fanciful writer, has formed an indication of genius which I believe is entirely his own, from the degree of the returning angle which is formed by the junction of the nose with the upper lip. I doubt the justness of such arbitrary marks.

Mr. Lavater has been puzzled, I observe, to explain the expression of anxiety in Locke's portrait. It was certainly independent of that great man's character. He was subject to fits of asthma, and contracted the appearance of distressful struggles from his sufferings in that disease. A medical observer would pronounce Locke to have been asthmatic, from the first view of his busts and prints. I believe, indeed, that almost every disease is characterised by a peculiar expression of the countenance, and that medical physiognomy might be cultivated with the highest benefit to man-

kind. Unfortunately, to treat of this art with success, an author must not only be an excellent physician, but a good painter.

I shall close my view of foreign writers on the philosophy of noses, with Riolan, who, as a Frenchman and an anatomist, felt a double interest in the discussion. "The nose," he informs us, "is the index of genius and understanding." He then repeats the story of the Persians, and adds from Plato, that it was the duty of the eunuchs, who attended the youths of the royal family, to form their noses elegantly, by keeping tubes in their nostrils. He adds, "In lege Mosaica Levitic. cap. xxi. qui naso pravo erant præditi, judicati fuere indigni sacerdotio, proinde Venusino poetæ in arte poetica, vita displiceret, si deformem obtinisset nasum :

Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso," &c.*

* Anthropographia, p. 213. It is needless to observe, how much Riolan has mistaken the sense of Horace, in this passage.

I have observed, that our language is rather deficient in allusions to this organ, especially respecting its varieties, either of length or curtailment. Dunton, indeed, says, that judge Jeffreys had a *nose* fit for the great service of destroying schismatics, "for he told the grand jury at Taunton, that he could smell a Presbyterian forty miles."* And Dr. Johnson called sagacity the *nose* of the mind.† But a later attempt has been made, to detect this figure in the very rudiments of our language, by the ingenious Dr. Beddoes. "We have," says he, "a remarkable class of *noun-substantives*, as they are called by the grammarian; though according to the metaphysician, they cannot stand by themselves, but are supported by substances. The words I mean are *good-ness*, *great-ness*, and their fellows. We have similar words ending in head. *Onhed*, in old English, is

* Panegyric on Jeffreys.

† Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. iii. p. 599.

unity (*one head*). It will not, I presume, be denied, that head (*caput*) is here used in composition. Now, in the other case, I suspect, that it is part of the head which is used; the nose, *ness*, *nez*, French. Both words have been indifferently employed to mark the points of land that are or have been conspicuous. Will not this geographical analogy be admitted as a strong confirmation of my opinion? If *ness* be any part of the body, what part else can we imagine it to be, whether we regard sound or situation? There exists an etymological as truly as a moral sense; and those who have *acquired* the former, will feel by how very natural a transition two such eminent members of the body natural, as the head and nose, came to denote abstract qualities." *

What a blaze of light (to use the favourite modern trope) do these observations throw on Mr. Shandy's hypo-

* Monthly Magazine, for July, 1796.

thesis : and how triumphantly would he have opened to Uncle Toby the mystery of *littleness* (*little nose*), and of *meanness* (*mean nose*), of *rashness* (*rash nose*), whence we talk of a man's thrusting his nose into matters which do not concern him ; and of many other knotty and perplexing terms and phrases ! All this might be done with a tolerable portion of leisure and application ; for I suspect that the *etymological sense* is very similar to the sense required for playing at whist, driving four in hand, or adjusting with philosophical precision the angle of incidence of a tennis-ball.

It is easy to account for the mystery in which Sterne has involved this subject, from the preceding extracts. He had obtained a glimpse of the physiognomic doctrines respecting the nose, but he was ignorant of the general systems which had prevailed concerning the art itself. He does not appear to have been acquainted even with the work of Baptista

Porta. To have completed Mr. Shandy's character, he ought to have been a professed physiognomist. Slawkenbergius's treatise would then have taken form and substance, and Sterne would have written one of the most interesting and amusing books that ever appeared.

Perhaps no man possessed so many requisites for producing a good work on physiognomy. His observation of characters was sagacious minutely accurate, and unwearied. His feeling was ever just, versatile as life itself, and was conveyed to the reader with full effect, because without affectation. But his imagination was ill-regulated, and it had a constant tendency to form combinations on this particular subject, which his taste alone, to say nothing of other motives, should have led him to reject.

I shall conclude this chapter, with a curious question relating to the dignity of the nose. The common point of honour is sufficiently known. Segar, in

his *Honour Militarie & Civil*, p. 127, puts this case respecting duels; "Two gentlemen being in fight, the one putteth out the eye of his enemie, and hee in requitall of that hurt cutteth off his nose: the question is, who is by those hurts most dishonoured? It may seem at the first sight, that losse of an eye is greatest, being a member placed above, and that without the sight a man prooveth unfit for all worldly actions: yet for so much as the want of a nose is commonly accompted the greatest deformitie, and a punishment due for infamous offences, it may be reasonably inferred, that the losse of that feature, should bring with it most dishonour. Besides that, seeing man is made according to the image of God, we account that the face being made more deformed by the losse of the nose than of one eye, therefore the greatest honour of the combat is due unto him who taketh the nose of the enemie."

60m.

